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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1837. NO. 821.---VOL. XVI.—NO. 18.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA.

Acts v. 4. *Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God.*

Behold in these words, my friends, the fearful presumption of man! Behold, at the same time, the merited judgments of the Almighty!

What, then, were the crimes of this character reproved in our text? Ananias and his wife Sapphira lied not only to man but to God. And what were the punishments, with which they were smitten? The judgment with which they were smitten, was the visitation of immediate death. Let us examine the circumstances of this awful history.

Ananias was the victim of avarice and selfishness. In the feeble commencement of Christianity, he sold a possession. He concerted a scheme with his wife to keep much of the money to themselves. Purposing in this manner to defraud the Christian community of their common-stock, he brings the remaining part and lays it at the apostles' feet. As distribution is made according to the necessities of all, this wretched husband and wife hope to enjoy the pecuniary advantages of this society, while they appropriate to their private use what is the property of the whole.

Aided by supernatural light, Peter instantly detects the embezzlement, and exclaims: Ananias! why has satan filled your heart to lie to the holy spirit, and to keep back a part of the price of the land? while it remained, was it not your own? and even after it was sold, was not the sum it brought, still in your own power? Why have you conceived this evil in your heart? You have lied not only unto men, but unto God.'

Hearing these awful words, this fearful exposure of his guilt, Ananias falls down, and expires. He is carried away by the younger Christians, and buried. Three hours afterward, comes his miserable accomplice, Sapphira, wholly unknowing of his fate. Peter says to her: 'Tell me,—Sapphira! did you sell the land for so much?' She answers, 'Yea, for so much.' Then Peter replies: 'O unhappy woman! what motive could you have, thus to agree together to try the spirit of the Lord? Behold, at the door, the feet of those who have carried your husband to his grave; and these same individuals will carry you after him.' Then she, too, immediately sinks at Peter's feet and expires; and is in like manner removed for burial. And great fear comes upon the whole Christian community, and upon all who hear these events related. Converts are admonished *to be circumspect and exemplary*: and all others are warned to avoid joining themselves to their company, for mere worldly motives, or views of a pecuniary nature.

Ananias and Sapphira, as you perceive, have experienced a judicial visitation; and they are gone to their eternal account. You, my hearers, remain; and you witness a remarkable change in the circumstances of the Christian world. It is not compatible with the public interest, at the present period, to share all property in common; but in the feeble commencement of Christianity, the custom was not only wise, but of vital importance.

Has this passage, then, no application to modern times? Do you say, that it cannot be applicable to a single person in this assembly? Would to Heaven it were so! and with *two* provisos, this may be true. Provided there be no characters here, that *lie to God*, and that *lie to man*, there is neither Ananias nor Sapphira discoverable among you. Let us examine this matter. Most happy will you be, if able to clear yourselves from an imputation, so dishonorable in the sight of man, and so offensive in the view of the Omniscient.

I. Who then are the characters, in the first place, that *lie to man?*

Produce me a selfish, avaricious, or unfaithful person, and I will show you. He engages to do a piece of work, and slights it. He builds you a vessel, and it founders. He builds you a house, and it presents a disgraceful, unworkmanlike appearance. He lies to men.

Does the market-man deceive you? Does he misrepresent the articles he offers? What he calls the best, do you sometimes find to be the worst? He lies to men.

Your neighbor gives you his solemn promise, and breaks it. Your friend makes an engagement to assist you; he violates that engagement, and refuses to afford that countenance he led you to expect. Is the shop-keeper fraudulent or unfair in his dealings? Is he both grasping and unprincipled? He lies to men.

View the conductors of public journals, literary, political, or religious. Do they indulge their bad spirit in misrepresentation, unprincipled detraction, or malicious invective? These characters, and all resembling these, *lie to man.*

There is another class, that *lie to man*: I mean those people, who wear *two faces*, and have a *double tongue*. This baser sort of beings are equally contemptible in their flattery and their falsehood; they are smooth and complimentary in your presence, but when your back is turned, they abuse and calumniate you. Why this folly and injustice? There seems to be no encouragement for such detraction. As Peter said to Ananias, 'Has the power of evil filled their hearts to lie?'—Not that an evil spirit is guilty of the crime; not that their crime has the palliation of diabolic agency; nothing of this nature;—but their own unprincipled bias, their own malicious disposition, their own unchristianized temper, impel them to ruin. Who regards the calumniator but with abhorrence? who respects the assailer of a fair reputation? They are despised and detested. Ananias and Sapphira dropped down and expired: with equal certainty, if not with equal suddenness, will these *liers to man* sink both in public and private estimation.

My hearers, how invaluable is a true heart! In such a world as this,—where there are so many cross-currents and opposite interests, so many base passions and ungenerous practices, so much selfishness, falsehood, and dissimulation, so much disguise and subterfuge, fair outside and foul insincerity within,—in such a world as this, a mark of reprobation will be burnt into the forehead of every Ananias and Sapphira,—the branding of scorn and contempt. On the other hand, a man, whose face and soul are as open as the daylight of heaven, both is and deserves to be pre-eminently blessed and precious. To employ the language of the great English dramatist,

> 'Give me that man
> That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
> In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts.'

Believe me, my hearers, there is no sight under heaven so beautiful, so glorious and godlike as a fair-minded spirit; that spirit, which thinks no thought, speaks no word, performs no action, which it would be ashamed to acknowledge; acknowledge in the face of day, and man, and heaven. There is no inducement, no emolument on earth, to compensate for being a hollow-hearted hypocrite. Wealth, power, distinction,—all dwindle into insignificance. To 'smile, and smile, and be a villain,' —to lie to God and man,—is the very perfection of baseness and turpitude. But a face of undissembled openness, an eye that shrinks not from our own, words that speak the exact impression of the heart;—the honorable possessor of these, he is the man with whom we would hold sweet communion on our way of life; he is the man by the side of whom we should love to be buried; in whose company we should not tremble to approach the throne of judgment; in whose society we should delight to spend the everlasting spring-time of eternity.

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, who worketh righteousness, who speaketh the truth in his heart: he that backbiteth not with his tongue, who doeth no evil to his neighbor, who taketh up no reproach against his neighbor.

I have now alluded to those *who lie to man*, and those *who lie not to man*. Who of you, my hearers, belong to either of these classes, it is not my province or my wish to decide. Leaving this decision to God and your own conscience, I proceed to my

II. Second inquiry,—Who are the characters, *that lie to God?*

Ananias and his wife were so infatuated, that they commenced their Christian course,—in what manner? with dissimulation and dishonesty,—an attempt to defraud the very early Christians of that little stock, of those slender resources, designed to supply the wants of the necessitous. They lied to God, and perished. In the same perishing condition are those, who withhold from God the glory due to his name. I am not at present alluding to [illegible] *als, from whom you hear oaths and execrations,* like the out-bursting blasphemies of demons. None but the most abandoned among the vulgar, none among the higher classes, but those who have equally forfeited all title to the name of gentleman as well as Christian; no others are now guilty of this daring impiety, this low-minded habit. But I speak of persons, who consider themselves Christians, without possessing one Christian principle, one Christian virtue. Barren speculations they may embrace, the mere fragmentary remnant of youthful years; but these are no more Christian doctrines,—soul-exalting and soul-saving,—than the mere saw-dust of the mill are the plank and boards produced,—no more than the mere chips from the carpenter's timber are the building he raises. All these heartless speculations you may receive, and you may advocate them with much vehemence of voice and manner; while like Simon the sorcerer you are in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity,—full of all subtilty and mischief, a child of the devil, an enemy of righteousness, never ceasing to pervert the righteousness of the Lord.

Follow such a man from morning to night, from Sabbath to Sabbath, from season to season; and you behold him *lying to the Lord.* Does he sometimes pray? His prayer is the prayer of policy,—mere half-sincerity:—it resembles the remnant-money thrown at the apostles' feet. He robs God. He hugs his dazzling sin to his bosom. His devotion sheds no sanctifying influence on his life. Does he occasionally open the divine volume? He may strengthen his conviction of the false dogmas he cherishes; but no holy affection does he derive from the inspired word,—no advancement does he make in sacred gratifications,—no elevation of character does he experience,—no purifying for the presence of his Maker, Benefactor and Judge. It is all shell and surface, it is all mere anticipation: *he lies to God.* Does this worldling come to these courts of salvation? He is no worshipper in spirit and truth. His heart is not here. O no, my friends, whatever may be his occupation, by sea or land,—there hovers his heart with his wordly gains, his perishing lucre. His heart, I repeat, hovers over his pursuits on shore, his ships on the ocean. While others pour out their souls for pardoning mercy, for the bestowal of blessings, for the transcendant gift of immortal life, he is listless and wandering, in the miserable dreariness of spiritual sloth. He kneels, indeed, or he rises and stands with others; but so far from enjoying a devotional exercise, like Ananias he only *lies to God.* Does he listen to the developments of Scripture! the means of grace, the privilege of spiritual aid, the opportunities of the renewed mind, the glorious offer of salvation, the tremendous doom of perdition? He listens not to improve. The preacher, if alive to the responsibility and importance of his ministration of the word, may disturb his reverie; he may disperse for a moment his dream of sin and security; but where, my hearers, where is the self-application, where is that rising and expansion, that growth toward Christian perfection, which the dews of grace, and the sunny influences of the gospel were designed to promote? After the services of the sanctuary, such a man may feel at night somewhat more satisfied with himself. But of what value is this feeling, this church-pastime, of the holy day? None,—he deceives himself: alas! *he lies to God.* Disregarding the duties he hears unfolded, he has more and more to answer for, until the measure of his offences is full. He is not struck dead, indeed, like Ananias and the accomplice of his crime; judicial punishment is not required; but because sentence is not executed speedily, the day of retribution is not the less sure to come. O no! it will assuredly come, like the day of Jerusalem, and overwhelm this liar to God and man with the ruin of the lost soul.

I observe therefore, in conclusion, as I have observed already, form your own judgment, whether any of you, like that wretched couple whose doom I have this morning exhibited, whether any of you, my hearers, are false to earth and false to Heaven. This sin of hypocrisy or insincerity I do not esteem one of the most prominent sins of our times: still its influence is felt in every age; and so many forms and disguises does it assume, that you are liable not to recognize it even in your own character and conduct. Consult your impressions, and scrutinize your motives. Be plain-hearted in your self-interrogations. Say to your soul this day: 'Am I for God or mammon? Am I the friend of truth and righteousness? or do I give to God the mere leavings, remnant-money of sin? What are my principles of action; are they Christian or unchristian; Do I remain untouched by devotion, untouched by the sublimities of revealed truth; untouched by the miracles of creation; uninfluenced by righteousness to God, by the impulses of justice and good will to man? Ah! is all well with me, till I am detected in transgression? until some undaunted voice proclaims: 'Ananias! Thou art the man!' 'Sapphira! thou art the woman!' Do I come to this house of worship, that I may ascertain my duties? that I may feel my dependence? that I may be impressed with my accountability? or do I come merely for the sake of show and appearance? Do I implore the forgiveness of sins; sins which I do not resolve to forsake? Do I find the instructions of the sanctuary, the representations of the divine will, have no efficacy upon my heart and behavior? Do I find myself unmoved by the terrors of the Lord? unattracted by promises of peace and salvation? In one word,—am I sincere or insincere? am I a humble Christian or a haughty hypocrite? am I a meek follower of the Savior, or a furious follower of my own obstinate will? Is the golden rule the great regulator of my thoughts, words, and actions? or have I some more favored rule of my own framing?'

My hearers, men and women, of every age and condition! put these and similar questions home to your souls; and if you are not peculiarly perverted, I trust you will be able to ascertain your state;—to ascertain this momentous fact, whether you lie, or whether you speak truth, to God and man.

Above all, be true to yourselves. As to the truths of revelation, be firmly and fully persuaded in your own minds. If you desire to be saved, be this the grand aim of your existence: whatever you are compelled to consider unjustifiable, whatever your conscience is constrained to disapprove and condemn, resolve in defiance of earth and hell never to be guilty of that sin. Sooner take a serpent to your bosom; sooner let it coil and fold around your heart; sooner let it distil its venom into the very recesses of life;—suffer even a shudering like this, sooner than sin against the voice of God within you, the voice of God in his revealed word. This path, believe me, is the only infallible path to peace in life, to assurance in death, to blessedness in eternity. O then give yourselves up, unreservedly, to the Supreme Being; keep back no part of love or allegiance, —no remnant-money of the heart; be true to this Majesty of the universe, true to his image in Jesus Christ, true to the mysterious attributes of your own soul. Never, as you love peace, lie to man; never, as you love your soul, lie to God: it is the death-stroke of earthly hope; it is the death-stroke of hope in heaven.

Now may that messenger of peace with God, that perfect exemplar, in whose mouth was found no guile, who is the way, the truth, and the life, the light of the world, forever illuminate, and sanctify, and save you by word and work.

Faithful Preaching.—Sinners cannot bear plain dealing, and when their darling sin is struck at, their hearts swell with indignation. 'I hate him,' says king Ahab, concerning Micaiah, 'for he doth not prophecy good concerning me, but evil.' When John the Baptist came to touch on Herod's particular sin, his beloved Herodias, then John's head must go for it. A profane gentleman once said of a godly preacher, 'He divides his text like a scholar, and follows his doctrine like a logician, but the devil cannot stand his application.'

MUNGO PARK AND THE MOSS.

I have often been struck with a passage in the travels of the celebrated Mungo Park, describing his situation and feelings when left alone by those who had plundered him in the very heart of Africa: 'Whichever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection, and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I recollected that no human prudence or foresight could have arrested my present sufferings. I indeed was a stranger in a strange land; yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Provider who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with apparent unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed.'

This is a touching incident in the life of a brave man. But let us notice the fact that God has made two distinct revelations of himself to this world, each of which is perfect in its kind. The one is by his works so clearly revealing his eternal power and Godhead in these, that the very heathen are inexcusable for not worshipping him. The heavens, the earth, all his works, even to the little 'moss' which lifts its humble head in the sands of the desert, unite in teaching his wisdom, his power, and his goodness. And it was very natural for Park thus to gain confidence and instruction from this microscopic forest, planted and watered by an unseen hand; but I am confident that, had he, at the same time, looked at the other revelation which God has made, and drawn relief from the Bible, he would have had a confidence still stronger; and even joy in again committing himself to Him who suffers not the sparrow to fall without his special direction. In the nineteenth Psalm is a beautiful parallel drawn between these two revelations of heaven, and the superiority of the written most decidedly extolled. The monarch of Israel seems to have been walking on the top of his palace, on one of those clear, delightful evenings which hung over Palestine, and contemplating the works of his Maker. He breaks out in praise, declaring that the heavens and the starry firmament beam out the glory of God; and looking down upon the earth, he says that every day speaks to the one that is to follow it, and every night to its successor, declaring the character of God; and though no speech is heard, and no language is uttered by the works of God; yet they reveal him through all the earth, wherever the sun shines. He then seems to forget all the brightness of the heavens and the glories of earth as he turns away to the word of God, that better revelation of himself. His harp rises in its strains as he celebrates that; for here is a revelation which is perfect, complete, reaching the soul, commending itself to the conscience, [illegible] the heart, enlightening the understanding, enduring in its effects upon the soul, gratifying the taste, and, beyond all, from sin, and purifying the heart.

Hypocrisy.—The mask will one day be torn from every deceiver. *Ottocar*, king of Bohemia, refused to do homage to the emperor Rudolph, until, being chastised by the armies of the latter, he yielded so far as to agree to do homage in his private tent. The emperor agreed. Just as the king knelt before him, the tent was suddenly drawn away by the cords, and Ottocar was discovered on his knees, to the whole army.

As some of our readers may have curiosity to learn in what odour Unitarianism is held among certain classes in England we copy the following from the London Times of Feb. 23.

THE UNITARIANS AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—You lately made some remarks on the principles and aims of the Unitarian Benthamists, whose ludicrous attempts to set up as a political party are universally regarded, in spite of the custom and encouragement given them by a certain falling house in Downing street, with ineffable derision and scorn. The damaged ware, political and theological, which they endeavor to palm upon the ignorant and credulous; the meanness of their literary, moral, and intellectual resources; the pretensions which these new beginners are putting forth in all sorts of puffing advertisements; the raffish and adventurous character of their copartnery, as well as their impudent efforts to insinuate their Deistical poison into the religious and educational institutions of the country,—all this was lighted up by you with such a degree of clearness as I cannot doubt would partially dispel the clouds under which they are prosecuting their designs.

Your readers are already aware of the impudent and unsuccessful zeal with which this insignificant fragment of democracy has recently striven to achieve the appointment of the Rev. Mr Davison, a Unitarian preacher, to be one of the masters of the City of London's School. The theological opinions of Mr Davison, who rejects the *authorized version* of the Bible, and the fact that he is a public libeller and persecutor of the Christian citizens, by proclaiming every Sunday (within five minutes' walk of their school) that they and their children are *idolators*—these points, I say, were at first studiously concealed by his tricky and unscrupulous supporters. The impression that Mr Davison held holy orders in the church was a very general one; nor was it till an active and suspicious cabal in his favor was discernible among the puffers of tobacco and treason at Codgers' Hall, that the school committee detected the gross imposition about to be practised on them by the Taylors and Galloways of the faction. At length came the day of election; and such was the determination of Mr Davison's supporters to insure his appointment at every sacrifice, that while Alderman Matthew Wood travelled all the way from Glocester expressly to vote for the *Unitarian* candidate, I find that Alderman White, whose house stopped payment the very next day, was not deterred by common decency from registering his vote on the same side. The circumstance of the committee having been too wise and upright to be gulled by such leaders does in no degree diminish the insulting and nefarious character of this Unitarian movement. That Mr Davison was of a different communion from that of the established church, is not precisely the insult I am alluding to. Had he belonged to any of the orthodox Dissenting bodies who, while believing in the inspiration of the Scriptures and the divinity of Christ, exempt their adherents from signing any accredited formulary of faith—it is my firm conviction, founded on the perusal of the act of Parliament establishing the school, that Mr Davison would have been an ineligible candidate. Still, considering that these bodies professedly concur with the Christian world on the cardinal points I have mentioned, there would have been nothing insulting in such a proposal. But to bring forward a candidate who rejects the *authorized version* of the Bible; who roundly discredits any version of it that can be given; and habitually proclaims from his pulpit that the citizens of London are *idolators*, worshipping a *creature* as their God—this, I say, was an insult to the public which it was equally worthy of Unitarianism to offer, and of Christianity to resent. Such is the conclusion which I arrive at on general grounds.

A reference, however, to the act of Parliament establishing the school, will show at once, not only the flexible morality of the Unitarian party, but the solemn obligation of the committee to resist their barefaced pretensions. By the fourth section of that statute, the City School is defined to be 'a school for the *religious* and virtuous education of boys, and for instructing them in the higher branches of literature.' In the next section, it goes on to provide that the management shall be vested in the Common Council, with power to make such regulations 'as they shall deem to conduce most to the extension of *religious* and useful education in the city of London:'—

'Provided always, and be it further enacted, that in such rules and regulations provision shall be made that the authorized version of the Holy Bible be used and taught in the said school, and that on every morning and evening prayers be read therein.'—(Section 6th.)

That those prayers were meant to be *Unitarian* prayers, is what will hardly be affirmed anywhere beyond the precincts of Codgers'-hall, or the pages of the *Westminster Review.* But if not—what sort of a trimming conscience must Mr Davison have, to canvass for a situation which would have made him an assenting party to orthodox prayers which he despises, and to a version of the Bible which he rejects? And since, if he had succeeded, he would have been bound to administer *religious* instruction to the boys, is it not plain that the accommodating gentleman must either have taught them orthodox opinions which he believes to be *idolatrous*, or that he must have poisoned their tender minds with his vile Deistical tenets, which would have [illegible] flagrant violation of of parental confidence? The fact is, to have elected such a candidate would have exposed the corporation to a suit at law for a gross infringement of the manifest purposes of the act; and while the public must cordially rejoice at the strength of moral purpose whereby the committee have rescued the school from disgrace and ruin, I cannot but congratulate them on their singularly judicious choice in the election of Mr Macdougall, whose principles and attainments are known to be of the best order. That his election was not determined by any spirit of bigoted churchmanship is evident from the fact that Mr Macdougall is a member of the church of Scotland. The three head masters with whom he is to co-operate speak of him in the highest terms—a compliment which is neither enhanced nor diminished by the circumstance that his mode of examining his class prior to the public opening of the school was such as extorted the admiration even of Mr Davison's supporters.

This important institution is now in full operation. Let us trust it will be both an honor and a blessing to the community for whose benefit it is intended. Four hundred children are already upon its benches receiving, I cheerfully hope, a *religious* und useful education. It is unnecessary to remind the masters, that if many censorious eyes are directed to their proceedings, the public generally will be dispesed to confide in their discretion and diligence, as well as to wish them all success.

As for Mr Richard Taylor and the great Galloway *Bey*, senior, I fear they must just continue to puff their rage as they puff their pipes, in the insignificant obscurity of Codgers' Hall.

Britannicus.

A WEEK FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY GLERGYMAN.

Monday Morning. Arose, much fatigued with the labors of the previous day, having travelled fifteen miles in the morning, preached three discourses, and returned home at evening. Found my family out of wood, meat and flour. Went to Br. Johnson's three miles, for wood: but found he could bring none till sleighing.—Went to Br. Thompson's for meat. He said every pound of pork he had to spare would bring him the cash—gave me a belly piece, at a shilling a pound, and said it must go on his subscription. Returned home at sunset. Went in the evening to the mill for flour—purchased a barrel at eleven dollars, promising to pay at the end of the next quarter.

Tuesday. Wife sick, in consequence of cold house and no wood—hired girl, a Methodist, gone to camp meeting. Spent the day in nursing wife and taking care of children. Toward evening Br. Robinson brought a load of green beach limbs, and ordered a dollar credited on his subscription.

Wednesday. Called to attend funeral, at 2 o'clock P. M. Ran till noon in search of a conveyance. Procured a horse of Br. Wilson, a carriage of Br. Jilson, and waggon of Br. Sampson. Rode twelve miles over hubs—preached in a barn, the house being too small to accommodate—received the thanks of the family and a bushel of apples—rode home in the rain, and paid ten shillings for conveyance. Called at the post office—met Owen Gibbon, the infidel, who rallied me about priestcraft, and a priest ridden people, and gave some hints respecting the indolence and luxury of the clergy, 'living upon the fat of the land,' &c.

Thursday. Sick of the cold, from yesterday's exposure—went to bed, after breakfast, and took a boneset sodorific.

Friday. Rose much better—did up morning chores; took up Bible to look out texts for Sunday. Interrupted by a friend who called to request my attendance at a wedding in the evening, ten miles distant. Put down book and went again to seek conveyance—procured the same as on Wednesday, at the same price. Went to wedding—married parties—received a five-frank piece from the hand of groomsman, with the compliments of groom, and returned in the dark and through a snow storm.

Saturday. Cut wood all the forenoon, to last over Sunday. Br. Todd called to belabor me for not visiting more, in my society. Looked out texts after dinner, and started at 2 o'clock, for S. 18 miles off, to spend the Sabbath, and prepared sermons on the way.

Sunday. Day stormy. Preached three discourses to thin audiences, in three different neighborhoods—went to bed with a severe headache, resolving to travel westward in the spring, in search of a location.

For the Register and Observer.

THE DUTY AND POLICY OF FEEBLE SOCIETIES. No. 2.

As respects the strength of a religious society to support a preached gospel, there prevails in the community, as I apprehend, a great and pernicious error. In view of the changes and aspects of our times, there are those who are ready to exclaim—happy this society; for it is large—happy that society; for it is wealthy—and thrice happy a third society; for it is both numerous and rich.

Now, this mode of reasoning—is unsound in principle, and of most injurious tendency. I feel, that I should be well employed in endeavoring to detect and expose its fallacy. I devote this number, therefore, to such an endeavor.

When I speak of a religious society as possessing strength for the support of Christian Institutions, I must of course be understood to have in view a society sufficiently large and wealthy to render it both possible and reasonable for it to put forth the strength of which I am speaking. That there are religious societies which do not possess this strength, is a fact known and read of all, and deeply lamented by not a few. Numbers and wealth, it is confessed have much to do, in constituting this strength. But its *essence*, its *vital spirit* does *not* consist in *these elements alone.*

A large society, may be a weak one. Its members may not be bound to each other and to the christian cause by an appropriate and fervent attachment. By necessary consequence, feeble—variable—unsure, the gospel may be fervent love towards each other and towards the christian cause, a society, however numerous, may prove, under the excitements and trials of times like the present, as unstable as the water that is agitated by every changing wind.

Nor does the strength of a religious society, as respects its support of Christian Institutions, consist essentially, in the great wealth of a part of its members. It is indeed a special blessing to any society to have among its members individuals, who possess wealth; *provided* such individuals are enlightened—liberal—and conscientious supporters of Christian Institutions—such, we rejoice to believe, is the character of many of these, who may be found in most of the societies of New England, possessing distinction and influence by reason of their wealth. Many such there are. They are rich not only in this world's goods, but also in good works. They are men who love to be useful—Men, who strive to be useful according to their ability and obligations.

But, to pretend, that all who possess riches possess such a character, would be ridiculous affectation. In respect to a deep interest in spiritual things, there is the same diversity of character among the more—as among the less, wealthy—we cannot affirm that a religious society, must be strong for the support of the Gospel merely because several of its members are possessed of wealth. Before you can thus affirm, you must have learned that these rich men possess enlightened views of duty—and that they delight in taking the lead in manifesting a pious and a public spirit.

Nor yet, does the strength of a religious society essentially consist in numbers and in wealth combined. A numerous society, consisting wholly of those, who are in affluent—at least in easy circumstances, must be weak, if its members generally are more devout worshippers of Mammon, than of God.

We perceive, then, that the strenght of a religious society in reference to its support of christian Institutions, *does not consist essentially* in its numbers; nor in its wealth—nor in numbers and wealth combined. It is the more important to present to the public this negative view of the subject, as the peculiarities of our times, would seem to be leading not a few into erroneous judgments respecting it. In my next, I shall state wherein the strength, of which I have spoken, does actually consist.

N. W.

GROG-SELLERS ASHAMED OF THEIR BUSINESS.

Those persons who measure out grog by the glass, are almost the only class of the community who appear to be ashamed of their business. Other classes generally appear proud of their employments. The carpenter if he erects a vane to inform him of the direction of the wind, will, probably choose a *saw*, or some similar implement; the farmer will probably select a *plough*, and even the old shipmaster, retired from the seas, will probably prefer the emblem of his occupation, a *ship*. But there is nothing on the outside of the dwelling or shop of the grog-seller to denote the character of his business. He has not for a sign, the disgusting figure of a *drunkard*—*of a husband beating his*

wife—or a son maltreating his parents. Indeed, he carefully excludes every thing which will have a tendency to convey a correct idea of his business. He tempts the appetite but hides the death. Mr W. stated that a person who had been freely indulging in a grog-shop, fell down in the street soon after he left the door. A little boy who noticed the accident ran in, exclaiming, 'Mr., Mr., you must come out of your shop immediately.' 'What is the matter?' exclaimed the astonished rum-seller. 'Why, sir,' continued the boy, '*your sign's blown down.*' *Whittemore's Speech.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Plymouth, April 22, 1837.

There is no person, to whose mind Christian truth may not obtain access. But then, we must watch fitting opportunities, to present it; and we must clothe it in 'acceptable words;' otherwise, even pearls may be flung away. By 'acceptable words,' I mean those, which, considering the capacity of the person you are speaking to, will best convey to him your meaning. Preachers are too apt to address people in a learned, abstract style. It is melancholy to think of the extent of popular ignorance, even in N. England;—to think how many fine passages, and how many admirable discourses are every Sunday shot entirely above the heads of the larger part of a great many Christian assemblies.

I am aware of the danger of lowering the standard of pulpit exhibitions of truth on the Sabbath; nor would I recommend any considerable departure from general custom in this respect; but I believe that we should find it useful to take more frequent opportunities, on week-days, if not on Sabbath evenings, to present the truths of our Religion to people in a plain, homely, extemporaneous way. How would it do, for instance, to hold a sort of colloquial vestry-meeting, either on Sunday evening, or some other evening in the week, to talk over, in a familiar manner, the subjects of the last discourses, and o her collateral topics? The people would here feel themselves at liberty to ask the preacher questions, and to answer his inquiries.

I fear that ministers are not in general apprized of the extent to which their learned labor is absolutely thrown away, by their soaring above the comprehension of their hearers. We must not be forever on the wing. It is necessary to come down very often, and teach the soul, that is only just beginning to get its spiritual plumage, *how* to spread its pinions—*how* to fly. People must be taught religion, just as little children are taught. How many people—you may count off numbers of the first that meet you, of your next neighbors—how many there are, I say, who upon the subject of religion, are mere grown-up children—perfect novices. Now, what we have to do is, to sit down beside these dear souls, and teach them (without seeming, however, to teach) the a b c of religion. And when they have fairly, practically, grasped the first truths, to lead them easily on to others—to the syllables, words and sentences of religion.

But all this machinery will be useless, unless we wait for the fit time to set it a-going; and when that comes, seize it with coolness and decision. I was lately riding on the outside of a stage-coach, alone with the driver. His curiosity was so much excited by a book that I was reading, (I think it was Brazer on the Divine Influence) that he asked me what it was. I told him, and endeavored, in a few words, to give him some notions of the book, in connexion with what I regarded as the more common errors that prevail in relation to the nature and influences of the spirit of God. He listened with great attention. Encouraged by this, I went on to speak of the mission of Jesus Christ, and the grounds of the Christian's hope—all in the simplest terms that I could command. I spoke as a layman, and he appeared to receive what I said without prejudice. When I came to a pause, I asked him what he thought of those views of Christian truth, that I had been advancing. He replied, with some feeling, that he liked them very much—they seemed rational and just. But alas for the power of habit—the habit of wrong-doing! We were just entering Ware Village:—as we came up to the Enfield road, one of his leaders displeased him by sheering a little and somewhat disturbing the rest of the team;—the 'almost persuaded' driver involuntarily drew his whip on the restive animal, and profaned the name of his Maker. But it was not without self-reproach. I had hardly uttered a request that, he would leave off this sort of language if he would have me believe him a consistent man, then he seriously declared, that he would endeavor to do so: and he seemed to be in earnest. I thought I could see, in the workings of that man's soul, at that moment, the ruins of a noble nature 'fallen from its high estate;' but not yet beyond the hope of being rebuilt.

It is surprising *how much* a little good humor will do, towards keeping those around us in good humor. Those, who travel in public conveyances, sometimes appear almost to forget that they ought occasionally to bend their own convenience to accommodate the proprietors and drivers of these conveyances. Stage drivers are in general humane towards the animals they drive; and are pleased when the passengers get out, and ascend difficult hills, on foot. But why do they so quietly keep the box, themselves, in these cases? They must do so, in order to drive. Yet how many people have I met with, who, because they have paid their fare to a certain place, would hardly quit the seat upon which they have planted themselves, to save the stage from being mired, or broken down. On this account, I was sensible that I was not putting myself in the way of popularity, when, upon reaching the hill that ascends into South Brookfield, as you travel from the west, I got down from the driver's box, and at his request, opened the coach door, and told them that there was a bad place in the road, just before us. Several, however, got out, and walked to the village town, where we changed horses. The fare from Northampton to Worcester, notwithstanding these hard times, is only three dollars. But then, you have to pay 50 cents for a dinner or breakfast, where a few months ago, you paid one quarter less.

But I was speaking of unaccommodating passengers. There are many of your lazy, lounging, crabbed, cross-grained travellers to be met with, who ride against their own interest, purely to get their money's worth, or rather to give the worst of the bargain to those, who undertake to get them along their way, by dint of sheer horsewhipping. One long limbed lout of this description, was among those who reluctantly alighted from our coach, to walk over a very bad piece of road, between Spencer and Leicester, I think. When the driver had got rather more than half way over this quagmire, the person I speak of stopped him short in the midst of the mud, and insisted upon getting in. He was so peremptory that the driver yielded. He afterwards spoke of him as one —'too lazy to be comfortable.'—Strange that people do not understand the benefits and the comforts of exercise; to say nothing of the greater ease with which all get on, who will yield a little to each others' convenience! We met several stage-coaches, loaded with the returning representatives of our Massachusetts Rump Parliament, that had adjourned the day before; but still holding solemn *session* in the coaches, while the horses which drew them, were floundering through the mud, almost knee-deep. A few of these, however, who had a little more feeling than the rest for the jaded teams, got out, and went across the fields on foot. It seems like an abuse of brute nature to put only 4 horses to draw such loads; there should be six, when the roads are so bad; and I believe there have been, till quite lately. On a route so profitable as this, the accommodations ought to be good; at the same time that travellers ought, on their part, to give way a little to the pressure of circumstances.

I have said that I have generally found stage-drivers inclined to be humane, though rather so in the feeding, than in the driving of their teams. I remember that a few days ago, we took up an ex-driver, who intimated that he had just left a certain place, because he was not allowed to keep his team as well as he thought it ought to have been kept, considering the work it had to do. 'It went against his conscience,' he said:—however, this was not the whole of the difficulty; for he told his companion, that if the driver, who succeeded him on the route where he had been employed the past winter, had much to say about *him*,' he would stop his face for him yet, before he left this part of the country.'

As we were nearing Worcester, the east wind being fresh, obliged me to wear my cloak, the color of which evidently betrayed my profession to the driver of the stage before us; who cracked some joke to our driver upon 'the minister,' &c.—which I laughed off. At Worcester, on taking my seat in one of the rail-way cars, I laid aside the cloak, and passed again for as much a man of the world, I suppose, as any of my fellow travellers. H.

ANECDOTE.—A Christian, whom God had prospered in his outward estate, and who lived in ease and plenty on his farm, suffered the world to encroach so much on his affections, as sensibly to diminish the ardor of his piety. The disease was dangerous; and the Lord adopted severe measures for its cure. First his wife was removed by death, but still he remained worldly-minded; and then a beloved son, but although the remedy operated favorably, it did not effect a cure; then his crops failed, and his cattle died, still his grasp of the world was not unloosed; then God touched his person and brought on him a lingering and fatal disease, the world, however, occupied too much of his thoughts; his house finally took fire, and as he was carried out of the burning building, he exclaimed, 'blessed be God, I am cured at last.' He shortly after died happy in the anticipation of a heavenly inheritance.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MISSION OF MOSES

[Translated from Schiller.]

(*Continued.*)

But since a certain degree of knowledge and a certain development of the intellect was needful for the proper support and application of the idea of one God, since a belief in the divine unity must necessarily bring with it a contempt for polytheism which was still the prevailing religion, it was readily perceived that it would be inconsiderate and indeed dangerous to publish and extend this idea. Without first dethroning the established deities of the State, and making merry with their imbecility, it was impossible to secure an introduction for this new doctrine. Still it could not be foreseen or expected that every one of those who had learnt to ridicule the old superstition would be equally capable of elevating themselves to the pure and bold idea of the truth. Besides, the whole civil constitution was founded on that superstition; if that was overthrown, then likewise all the pillars upon which the whole civil edifice was supported, fell with it, and it was still very uncertain whether the new religion which was substituted in its place would be sufficiently firm to support that edifice.

On the other hand, if the attempt to dethrone the old deities failed, then the individual had arrayed against himself a blind fanaticism, and exposed himself for a victim to an infuriated multitude. He therefore thought it better to make this new dangerous doctrine the peculiar possession of a small and restricted circle, composed of those who exhibited the requisite amount of comprehension for it; to select them from the multitude and to bind them into an alliance, and to clothe with a garment of mystery that truth which he would keep from impure eyes, so that only he whom he had qualified for it might draw it aside.

For this purpose he selected the hieroglyphics, an expressive mode of writing by pictures which concealed a general idea in a continuation of signs and depended upon certain arbitrary rules which had been agreed on. Since it was known to these civilized men, from idolatry itself, how readily the youthful heart may be impressed through the imagination and the senses, they did not hesitate to use a deceptive artifice for the advantage of the truth. They brought also this new idea with a certain significant sublimity into the soul and by various preparations which were adapted to the object, they put the minds of their pupil in that state of violent motion which would make it susceptible of the new truth. For this purpose was the purification which preceded initiation, the washing and sprinkling, the attiring in linen clothes, abstinence from all common occupations, the extension and elevation of the mind by song, a significant silence, the change between darkness and light &c.

These ceremonies associated with these mysterious pictures and hieroglyphics, and the secret truths which lay concealed in these hieroglyphics and were prepared through that custom, were comprehended under the name of Mysteries. They had their place in the temples of Isis and of Serapis and were the prototype upon which afterwards were based the mysteries in Eleusis and Samothracia and in modern times the order of free-masons.

It seems established beyond a doubt that the contents of the most ancient mysteries in Heliopolis and Memphis in their uncorrupted state, were the unity of God and the refutation of Paganism, and that the immortality of the soul was there set forth. Those who were capable of participating in this weighty disclosure were called *seers* or *illuminati* because the knowledge of a previously concealed truth may be compared to the change from darkness to light, and perhaps because they really and peculiarly discovered new truths in significant pictures.

But they could not at once attain to this *insight*, since as the mind was at first under the influence of many errors, it must first pass through several preparatory steps, before it could endure the full light of truth. Thus there were several steps and degrees, and it was in the innermost sanctuary that the veil first fell wholly from their eyes. The *seers* recognized one sole and supreme cause of all things, an original power of nature, the Being of all beings, which was the same as the Demiurgos of the Greek philosophers. Nothing is more elevated than the simple sublimity with which they spoke of the Creator of the world. In order to designate him in a distinct manner they gave him indeed no name. A name, they said, is merely requisite for the sake of distinction, he who is alone needs no name because there is no one with whom he can be confounded. Upon an old pictured column of Isis they read the words—'I am what there is;'—and upon a pyramid at Sais is found the ancient and remarkable inscription—'I am all that is, that was, and that shall be; no mortal man has raised my veil.' No one might presume to enter the Temple of Serapis who did not bear upon his breast or forehead the name Jao, or Jeha-ho, a name which is very consonant with the Hebrew Jehovah, and probably is of the same import, and no name was pronounced in Egypt with greater reverence than this name Jao. In the hymn which the Hierophant or director of the sanctuary sang to the initiated, was this, the first disclosure which was made on the nature of the Deity. 'He is single and of himself, and to this unity all things owe their being.'

A preliminary and necessary ceremony before each initiation was circumcision, to which even Pythagoras must subject himself before his reception into the Egyptian mysteries. This separation from the rest who were not circumcised, was to designate a narrower bond of brotherhood, a nearer connection with the Deity, to which end Moses afterwards made use of it among the Hebrews.

In the sanctuary of the Temple various holy vessels were placed before the initiated which bore a secret signification. Among these was a holy chest which was called the coffin of Serapis, and which perhaps originally was an emblem of concealed wisdom, but which afterwards, as the institution degenerated served the purpose of a gainful traffic and the miserable artifices of priestcraft. To carry about this chest was the prerogative of the priests, or of a separate class of the servants of the sanctuary which were called *chest-bearers.* To none other than an Hierophant was it lawful to uncover this chest, or even to touch it. Of one who had had the audacity to open it, it was supposed that he had suddenly become insane.

In the Egyptian mysteries we besides meet with certain hieroglyphic delineations of the Deity which are composed of several representations of beasts. The well known sphinx is of this sort. They wished by this to designate the properties which are united in the Supreme Being, or to collect into one body, the most mighty part from all living things. Thus they took a part from the most powerful bird—or the eagle—a part from the most powerful wild beast—or the lion,—from the most powerful tame beast—or the bull, and finally from the mightiest of all animals—man. The image of the bull or of Apis, would be used separately as the emblem of strength, to designate the omnipotence of the Supreme Being—the bull signifies in the primitive language, cherub.

These mystical forms to which none other than the *seers* had the key gave to the mysteries themselves an external significance which deluded the people and even had something of the form of religious worship. The superstition likewise obtained constant nourishment through the external robe of the mysteries, while those within the sanctuary ridiculed the deceit.

[*To be continued.*]

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.'

Ellen B. at the time I first knew her, was an interesting girl of sixteen. Her father was a wealthy merchant in the city of —— and she was an only daughter.

A more lovely girl than Ellen, I never saw. Beloved she was and esteemed by all,— for her sweet disposition and engaging manners won every heart. She was the friend and protector of the poor, and the comforter of the heavy-laden.

'Firm of soul
And pure in purpose, on the eternal Rock
Of Christian trust, her energies reposed,
And sought no tribute from a shadowy world.'

Often as I gazed upon her, have I thought, that she was a being too good and fair, for a world like this. Alas! I little thought how soon she was to be translated to a brighter scene.

Three years had rolled away, before I again saw Ellen, but in that short space how much had happened. During my absence she had lost both father and mother. Her father had before his death lost all his property, and at the age of nineteen Ellen found herself an orphan, thrown upon the wide world for a support. Having received before her father's death, an excellent education, she had taken upon herself the task of a teacher, but grief for the loss of her parents and the fatigue of teaching, had worn upon a naturally delicate constitution; the rosy hue of health had faded from her cheek, and in its place burned a bright unnatural glow. Death had singled out a victim—he had marked her for his own.

I saw her once again after an interval of six months. She was upon the bed of sickness, the bed of—Death. It was a beautiful autumnal evening—the sun was just setting. 'Will you open the shutter, said the invalid in a low voice, the sun is fast declining, and I should love to see its rays once more, for something within seems to tell me that it will be for the last time'—'see' she added after a moment's pause 'see it is going behind a cloud—it is gone—' and she sank down exhausted.

Before the next morning Ellen B. was a corpse. She had sunk away as if to a night's repose. Her pure spirit had ascended to its Father.

'In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest
casts the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life
so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young
friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful should perish with the
flowers.'

E.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this Society for the choice of Officers, was held on Wednesday evening April 26th, and the following gentlemen were elected to the offices to which their names are affixed; and these, with a delegate from each of the schools in the city constitute the government of the Society.

Joseph Tuckerman, Boston, *President.*
J. F. Flagg, do. } *Vice Presidents.*
Joseph Allen, Norboro'
S. C. Phillips, Salem
W. P. Rice, Cincinnati
J. W. Foster, Portsmouth N. H.
Saml. Gilman, Charleston S. C.
S. G. Bulfinch, Augusta Geo.
F. H. Gray, *Corresponding Secretary.*
Artemas Carter, *Recording Secretary.*
Lewis G. Pray, *Treasurer.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

This has been shown very strikingly by the effects which have followed since the establishment of the Ministry at Large in this city by Dr Tuckerman, and among other denominations than the one to which he belongs; for we find it mentioned in a late London periodical that since the introduction of the City mission to the poor by the Unitarians of that metropolis on the plan of Dr Tuckerman, some of the more zealous of the 'evangelical' party in and out of the Established Church, have set on foot an Institution with precisely kindred objects. They now employ *sixty agents* in different parts of London. All this confirms what has been said by an Orthodox preacher of this city, that the zeal among Unitarians should produce greater activity among the Orthodox. The writer says some portion of the zeal with which it is supported may have arisen from the motives forced upon men's minds by a narrow and bigoted creed; but the main spring appears to have been a benevolent desire to snatch men from ignorance, vice and wretchedness, and to shed abroad in their hearts, the light, purity and everlasting hopes of the Gospel.

While on this point it may be well to say that the 'Ministry at Large' in London was never so prosperous as at the present time. Our friends there have erected a new Chapel for Mr Philp, to be occupied both by children and adults, and at Manchester a new and spacious Chapel has just been erected almost at the sole expense of one wealthy and benevolent individual B. Heywood Esq. Our friends in Liverpool are also active in the good work.

A.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MAY 6, 1837.

FAST DAY.

The writer of the following communication replies to one who—however much he may be in error as to his opinions—will not yield to himself or to any other, in zeal for the honor of religion and the interests of vital piety; and who is moreover heartily glad to learn that there are some places in which Fast day is held in high esteem and sacredly and profitably kept.

The article to which he refers expressed not only the feelings of the writer, but the settled convictions of many of our wisest and holiest men, to whom '*loose notions of religious institutions in general*' cannot be attributed.

There are fairly, it seems to us—our correspondent's arguments notwithstanding—two sides to the question concerning the propriety of continuing the Annual Fast. Would to God that there were but one! For we have loved the day, and remember well that some of the brightest pages of our life's-book bear its date; and, were it blotted from the calendar, should miss it sadly in the early spring. But for all this we can not prevent the decided and solemn conviction that the day tends more to the dishonor than to the glory of pure religion.

We like the character of the subjoined remarks—but should have been a little better if pleased the writer, in his zeal, had spared an unnecessary insinuation, and more openly allowed us the credit which we claim—that it is pure-*to the Lord that we regard not the day.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

FAST DAY.

Mr Editor,—I observed some remarks in a late paper, on our annual Fast, which gave me some surprise, and a good deal of regret. They seem to justify indirectly, those loose notions of religious institutions in general, which is an alarming feature of our age. They seem to me to fall in with that popular notion, as superficial, as it is mischievous, that the present age has outgrown most of the religious institutions of our pious fathers. I say, it seems so to me. I am fearful of this giving up, tearing down, levelling system. Who are engaged in it? Are they the friends of order, justice, and religion? What do they propose to give us instead of what they take away? Do those who abandon the means of religious impressions, instituted by our fathers, adopt any substitute, which answers the same purpose to them? Now, I by no means, would imply, that the writer, himself has not the noblest objects in view. But as he may be mistaken, and a mistake here would be fraught with much evil, it is well to heed every intimation of truth. And the origin of a sentiment, and the class of persons who are foremost to promote it, go far to show the nature and tendency of it.

But I will state one or two of my objections, to the sentiment of the writer more particularly. He seems at first in favor of giving up the Annual Fast on the ground of its being perverted from its proper end. Finally he takes the ground, that it is useless in itself, under the most favorable circumstances. 'Improve the religious character of our people as much as may be, and still we shall not make the case any better with this old institution. *It is not our way*—it will not again be New England's way, to attach piety and religious impressions to times and seasons arbitrarily set apart.'

Now this is a sentiment which is common among us; which is in almost every mouth, and in which I have never yet been able to see any good meaning. 'Piety and religion not connected with times and seasons arbitrarily set apart!' What then becomes of the Sabbath, of morning and evening devotion, *all* 'times and seasons set apart' arbitrarily for the cultivation of piety and devotion. We have given up the superstitious notion, that there is any sanctity in the nature of the day of Fast, or Sunday. But we hold what is quite as much in favor of its value and necessity, that it is a season set apart for *the cultivation* of piety and virtue. We believe that they are means, and instruments, only. But are not means and instruments as necessary now, as in the days of the puritans? Can piety and religious impressions be gained, any more than learning and wealth, and social improvement, without times and seasons set apart, for that purpose?

The Christian, who is desirous of self-improvement, sets apart a season every day, to review his conduct; the errors he has committed; how often a corrupt heart has betrayed him into sin, and a selfish one hardened him against the claims of his fellow men and the goodness of God. He compares what he is with what he ought to be, renews his sense of his unworthiness and God's goodness, and rekindles the dying embers of spiritual life in the soul. Once a week a day is set apart for this purpose when we have an opportunity to take a more general survey of ourselves, and the dealings and requirements of God. It seems equally appropriate, that once a year we should have a season set apart for a still more general survey of our spiritual condition. There are events of providence which, it takes a long period to complete. There are tendencies of our character, which it requires time to reveal. By taking a longer period we look down as from an elevation, on the dealings of Providence. We can see better the character and designs, of the judgments and mercies which have been sent upon us. We can perceive better the general tendency of those acts which spread over a long period. By taking a more extended view we can correct those errors which proceed from too near a view. We can compare our past and our present characters, what we designed to do with what we have done, and thus see whether we are advancing or receding in the Christian life. We can see how often temptation has prevailed over us when we thought we were able to meet it, how often pleasure has proved less in the possession, than in the prospect, and thus correct our estimate of the world and of ourselves. We can compare our attainments with our privileges, as Christians and citizens of an enlightened and free and happy country. But what is of great importance, the eyes of the whole community would be turned simultaneously upon the sins and the dangers of our country, and it must produce a spirit of penitence for the one, and vigilance against the other. And last, and most important of all, there is the divine blessing which every Christian expects to the fervent, effectual prayers of many righteous. In this point of view, the fast is as properly the Sabbath of the year as Sunday is of the week. This was the character of the day of atonement established by Moses and always observed by the Jews. It was strictly a fast, the Sabbath of the year. 'It shall be a Sabbath of rest unto you.' The directions and sanctions for keeping it were the same. Our Savior alluded to fasts and gave directions how to keep them. The church have observed both occasional and annual Fasts in all ages. The church of Rome and of England, like the Jews had carried them to excess. But our ancestors, although they renounced every thing practised by either of these churches, which they could with any regard to the Scriptures, did not give up fasting. And although they first instituted the Fast on account of extraordinary calamities, yet they continued it with the view above described. They knew, that every year embraced calamities, sins, and temptations enough, to demand the special attention of each individual, and to call for humiliation, fasting and prayer. And if we are no more pious, no more pure in our lives, no more spiritual than our Pilgrim fathers, we need a Fast as much as they. If we are not so much so, then we need it more.

But 'the annual Fast might be let go, and all we hold sacred be safe as before—aye *safer*—if so be that industry be better for a man than idleness, &c.—if so be that such a fast as God has chosen be one of the spirit,—rather than one of external disfigurement, and gloom,—or in fine, if the fast which Christ commanded, be different from that which our government chooses to perpetuate.'

I object to the emphasis laid on industry, as if those who spent all the week days of the year in the cares of the body, might not reasonably be called upon to spend one on the cares of the soul. As if every one who is religious or who wishes to be so, who feels the weight of his sins, or who wishes to feel them, who realizes the goodness and patience of God or who wishes to realize them, will not be glad of an opportunity to be free from the demands of business and the intrusions of others, to devote himself at least once in a year to a general examination of his spiritual condition. Whoever is not willing to do this shows plainly what his spiritual condition is, and that he needs more *external aids*, instead of less.

It is implied in the above quotation, that the fast which God, and Christ require, is not that of 'times and seasons.' That they rather condemned *seasons* of fasting. This is a loose and general interpretation put upon certain passages in the Old and New Testaments. But I think this is wholly unwarranted. The prophets condemned the excessive multiplicity, and austerities of the Jewish fasts, but that they did not intend to weaken the authority of days of fasting, is plain, from the fact, that they afterwards proclaimed the commands of God for the people to fast, as in Joel. Our Savior, condemned, the frequency, and ostentation of the Jewish Fasts, and well he might, when it was the boast of some that they 'fasted twice a week.' But he did the same in regard to the Sabbath, to prayer and alms. And it is just as likely that he intended to weaken the authority of a proper observance of the one as the other. Indeed he gives special directions how a fast shall be kept.

All sects of Christians, in all ages of the church, have been in the habit of setting apart portions of time for fasting and prayer. It seems desirable that we should have some special occasions, for religious impressions. We are full barren enough of these occasions now. Doubtless, these occasions will be abused by many. So is the Sabbath. I am not able to say how the Fast was kept in Boston. But there seems to me to be an air of exaggeration in the account in your paper. I suspect that if any one should look abroad on Sunday, to gather evidence that Sunday was so much abused, that it would be well to give it up, he might make out a pretty strong case. As to matters of fact I can only speak for the place where I am. Here, attendance at church was nearly as large as on Sunday. As much or more effort, as to music and other exercises, was made to render the day interesting, as on Sunday, and it was a day of as much religious impression, as probably any day in the year. It seems to me that they might be made so every where, if all would do their duty in writing in the newspapers, in preaching and in conversation. If they would adopt the recommendation, of the Committee, of the Convention of Ministers, 'to set forth the authority, and appropriate duties of days of Fasting, and the importance of a proper observance of them.'

Concord, April 18th, 1837. F.

We have just read the Third and Fourth Quarterly Reports of the OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL at Canton, by the Rev. Peter Parker M. D. republished from the Chinese Repository. It is highly interesting to perceive that in proportion to its means this Instiuntion has been instrumental in doing a very large amount of good.

Many hundreds of patients have been received at the Hospital, afflicted with various diseases but especially those of the eye and ear—all of whom have been materially benefited, and many whose cases were very critical, entirely cured. Great numbers of the Chinese have visited the Institution, witnessed the operations and seen the cures—and have invariably carried away with them highly favorable impressions.

We cannot but expect that very happy consequences are to result to the religious interests of the Chinese from this benevolent machinery.

The following extract from the Report is curious and interesting, and will give to our Readers a good illustration of the regard in which the Hospital is held by the native patients in general—as well as of some of the amusing peculiarities of the Chinese character.

I will conclude this brief report by subjoining a translation of some lines written by Ma szeyay (in the first report called *Matszeah*), the private secretary to the Chefoo, as they will serve to illustrate the ideas and feelings which he and other patients entertain respecting the hospital. The translation is by Mr Morrison, to whose kindness I am under many obligations. It has been put into verse by a friend. The stiffness of the style is a necessary consequence of faithfulness to the original. The old gentleman's gratitude has ever seemed unfeigned, and when dismissed from the hospital, he requested leave to send a painter and take 'my likeness that he might bow down before it every day.' He had previously intimated his intention of writing an ode. The painting of course was refused, but his ode was recently forwarded with some marks of formality; first he sent a servant with a variety of presents; then a friend, who was equipped for the occasion, presented the ode and a gilt fan with a quotation from one of the best Chinese poets, elegantly transcribed upon it by a relative of Ma szeyay, relating to the same subject. The ode, preceded by a few remarks of his own, is as follows.

'Doctor Parker is a native of America, one of the nations of the western ocean. He is of a good and wealthy family, loves virtue, and takes pleasure in distributing to the necessities of others: he is moreover very skillful in the medical art. In the ninth month of the year *Yihwe*, he crossed the seas, and came to Canton, where he opened an institution in which to exercise gratuitously his medical talents. Hundreds of patients daily sought relief from his hands. Sparing neither expense nor toil, from morning to evening, he exercised the tenderest compassion towards the sick and miserable.

I had then lost the sight of my left eye, seven years, and the right had sympathized with it nearly half that period. No means used proved beneficial; no physician had been able to bring me relief. In the eleventh month of the year above named, my friend Muh Keaeshaou introduced me to Dr Parker, by whom I was directed to convey my bedding to his hospital. I there made my dormitory in a third story, where he visited me night and morning. First he administered a medicine in powder, the effects of which, as a cathartic, continued three days. He then performed an operation on the eye with a silver needle, after which he closed up the eye with a piece of cloth. In five days, when this was removed, a few rays of light found entrance, and in ten days I was able to distinguish perfectly. He then operated on the right eye, in like manner. I had been with him nearly a month when, the year drawing to a close, business compelled me to take leave. On leaving, I wished to present an offering of thanks; but he peremptorily refused it, saying, 'return, and give thanks to heaven and earth: what merit have I?' So devoid was he of boasting. Compare this his conduct, with that of many physicians of celebrity. How often do they demand heavy fees, and dose you for months together, and after all fail to benefit. Or how often, if they afford even a partial benefit, do they trumpet forth their own merits, and demand costly acknowledgments! But this doctor, heals men at his own cost, and though perfectly successful, ascribes all to heaven, and absolutely refuses to receive any acknowledgment. How far beyond those of the common order of physicians are his character and rank! Ah, such men are difficult to find. The following hasty lines I have penned, and dedicate them to him.

A fluid, darksome and opaque, long time had dimmed
my sight,
For seven revolving weary years one eye was lost
to light;
The other, darkened by a film, during three years
saw no day,
High heaven's bright and gadd'ning light could not
pierce it with its ray.

Long, long, I sought the hoped relief, but still I
sought in vain,
My treasures, lavished in the search, bought no relief from pain;
Till, at length, I thought my garments I must either
pawn or sell,
And plenty in my house I feared was never more to
dwell.

Then loudly did I ask, for what cause such pain I
bore,—
For transgressions in a former life unatoned for before?
But again came the reflection, how, of yore, oft, men
of worth,
For slight errors had borne suffering great as drew
my sorrow forth.

'And shall not one,' said I then, 'whose worth is but
as nought,
'Bear patiently, as heaven's gift, what it ordains?'
The thought
Was scarce completely formed, when of a friend the
footstep fell
On my threshold, and I breathed a hope he had
words of joy to tell.

'I have heard,' the friend who enter'd said, 'there
is come to us of late
'A native of the 'flower'd flag's' far off and foreign
state;
'O'er tens of thousand miles of sea to the inner land
he's come;
'His hope and aim to heal men's pain, he leaves his
native home.'

I quick went forth, this man I sought, this gen'rous
doctor found;
He gained my heart, he's kind and good; for, high
up from the ground,

He gave a room, to which he came, at morn, at eve, at night,—
Words were but vain were I to try his kindness to recite.

With needle argentine, he pierced the cradle of the tear;
What fears I felt! Soo Tungpoo's words rung threatening in my ear:
'Glass hung in mist,' the poet says, 'take heed you do not shake;'
(The words of fear rung in my ear) 'how if it chance to break.'

The fragile lens his needle pierced: the dread, the sting, the pain,
I thought on these, and that the cup of sorrow I must drain:
But then my mem'ry faithful showed the work of fell disease,
How long the orbs of sight were dark, and I deprived of ease.

And thus I thought: if now, indeed, I were to find relief:
'Twere not too much to bear the pain, to bear the present grief.
Then the words of kindness, which I heard, sunk deep into my soul,
And free from fear I gave myself to the foreigner's control.

His silver needle sought the lens, and quickly from it drew
The opaque and darksome fluid, whose effects so well I knew;
His golden probe soon clear'd the lens, and then my eyes he bound,
And lav'd with water, sweet as is the dew to thirsty ground.

Three days thus lay I, prostrate, still; no food then could I eat,
My limbs relax'd were stretch'd as though the approach of death to meet;
With thoughts astray—mind ill at ease—away from home and wife,
I often thought that by a thread was hung my precious life.

Three days I lay, no food had I, and nothing did I feel;
Nor hunger, sorrow, pain, nor hope, nor thought of woe or weal;
My vigor fled, my life seemed gone, when, sudden, in my pain,
There came one ray—one glimmering ray, I see,—I live again!

As starts from visions of the night, he who dreams a fearful dream,
As from the tomb, uprushing comes, one restored to day's bright beam,
Thus, I with gladness and surprise, with joy, with keen delight,
See friends and kindred crowd around, I hail the blessed light:

With grateful heart, with heaving breast, with feelings flowing o'er,
I cried, 'O lead me quick to him who can the sight restore!'
To kneel I tried, but he forbade; and, forcing me to rise,
'To mortal man bend not the knee;' then pointing to the skies:—

'I'm but,' said he, 'the workman's tool, another's is the hand;
'Before *his* might, and in *his* sight, men, feeble, helpless, stand:
'Go, virtue learn to cultivate, and never thou forget
'That, for some work of future good thy life is spared thee yet!'

The off'ring, token of my thanks, he refused; nor would he take
Silver or gold, they seemed as dust; 'tis but for virtue's sake
His works are done. His skill divine I ever must adore,
Nor lose remembrance of his name till life's last day is o'er.

Thus have I told, in these brief words, this learned doctor's praise,
Well does his worth deserve that I should tablets to him raise.—

As I remained nearly a month in the hospital, I penned also the following lines, wherein I have stated the things which I saw and heard while there, as illustrated of his successful practice.'

A translation of the lines here alluded to by the old gentleman, and also of the quotation from Soo Tungpoo, may be given in a subsequent number.

[What he says, of my calling on him to give thanks to earth, of my rich family, &c., is to be received with due allowance as Chinese embellishment.]

MINISTRY TO THE POOR IN MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

We copy the following interesting intelligence in relation to the ministry to the Poor among our friends abroad, from a late No. of the Christian Teacher—an able and spirited magazine published in Manchester and received in this City by James Munroe & Co. Mr Buckland engages in the work with a true Christian spirit, worthy of his calling, and having this, we may confidently trust that his labors will be blest for the spiritual good, to use the language of the writer, of 'a lamentably appalling number resting in intellectual, moral and spiritual darkness.'

THE DOMESTIC MISSIONARY.

On Sunday 18th December, the Rev. George Buckland was introduced to his interesting and important *office of minister to the poor in Manchester*. There was a service on the occasion in the Cross-street chapel, conducted by the Rev. J. G. Robberds. The preacher took his text from that appropriate passage in Mark, vi. 34.—'And Jesus when he came out saw much people and was moved with compassion towards them, because they were as sheep without a shepherd, and he began to teach them many things.' Mr Robberds in a discourse whose spirit was truly Christian and manner most impressive, urged on a large and deeply attentive sudience, the example of Christ as given in the text. As of old, so now there is much people having no shepherd; is there the same compassion to teach them many things? The need there is, in reference to the masses in Manchester, of a special ministry to the poor, was strikingly displayed. His hearers were living in the midst of 300,000 human beings, many of whom were not within the reach of any directly religious influences There were but sixty places of worship in the whole; supposing these to have each 300 families with 6 persons in a family, there would be a religious ministration for not more than one-third of the population, leaving two-thirds unprovided with the gospel. Something might be allowed for the influence of early impressions,—Sunday schools, religious neighbors, the wonders of power, love and wisdom, displayed in the universe and in society. Many might worship in private. After all there remains a lamentably appalling number in intellectual, moral and spiritual darkness. If even two-thirds of the whole receive moral and religious impressions, how grievous to think of 100,000 persons left to wander without a shepherd in the dreary night of their intellectual and moral wilderness. How many might be rescued from destruction; how many of the young who might be awakened to a knowledge and love of their Creator and their Savior; how many old who might be led to find strength and solace in God and Christ; how many poor and sick who might be made rich in faith strong in the life of the soul; how many a family might be brightened and cheered by piety and love—could a ministry at all resembling that of Jesus be brought to act on a sufficiently large scale on the morally destitute. What a wide field of Christian enterprise for Christian churches. Why should they spend so much time and energy in controversy and dispute, when the claim is so great on their Christian sympathies and the opportunity so fair of asserting what is indisputable and giving effect to their common Christianity? The speaker was not indifferent to correct views of the doctrines of the gospel. He regretted that many had not the liberality of mind and largeness of heart which Christianity encouraged. Still he felt that the great work was to raise men from spiritual lethargy, desolation and death.

For this truly Christian purpose a suitable and sufficient provision had not yet been made in our country. The preacher prayed for the blessing of God on missions to foreign countries, but urged the necessity of increased attention to the wants of our own land. He also wished well to plans already in operation with a view to aid the poor. Doubtless there was no small ministration of Christianity on the part of private individuals; but there was no general combination, so as to give an assurance that the supply was co-extensive with the need. Societies for building places of worship did not come up to what was required, for they could not create *the desire* to seek and receive religious instruction: a sense of the need which invites to prayer must be called into existence. Societies connected with congregations designed to sustain a system of visiting the poor at their houses, offered what was worthy of imitation, and could a sufficient number of suitable persons be found in each congregation, and were all denominations united in the work, little more might be needed. But how long should we have to wait for this practical exhibition of Christian faith and love? A proof of the delay which must ensue might be seen in the last report of one excellent institution in Manchester—the Provident Society, whose visitors besides collecting the savings, were left at liberty to attempt a moral influence on the poor; but out of a thousand sections into which the town was divided and which required to be visited, only three hundred were under the supervision of the society, leaving 700 sections or 17,500 dwellings without visitors. From the Church Pastoral Aid Society which enabled episcopal clergymen in populous districts to procure assistance in the domestic supervision of the poor, good, but not adequate good might be expected. The work was of a peculiar nature. It could not be done by those who had their business or congregations requiring their time and energy. There was needed a ministry whose special business it should be to carry into the moral wilderness the blessings of the gospel; to carry to the homes of the poor whatever is attractive, pleasing, kind, and sympathetic in the Christian spirit.

It was useless to expect all classes of religionists to unite, but each might choose and occupy his sphere, and then the needed work would be done. And there might be a godly rivalry to show the superior efficacy each of their own creeds, by showing the greater number of homes made happy, and of individuals saved from spiritual starvation.

Four years had elapsed since the trial of such a ministry had been made in Manchester. The reports that had been issued proved its success. In the hands of their former missionary, Mr John Ashworth, the work had prospered. Some were recalled to the houses of prayer they had been accustomed to attend; others had been induced to frequent such places as their choice approved; others the minister had gathered about himself in his own ministration of the gospel; many destitute he had relieved; many sick and dying he had cheered and sustained; many young he had instructed in the way of life; many a wicked heart he had impressed, and it was to be hoped led to godly sorrow. Every where he had been welcomed. Parting with him in regret, the committee believed they had found a suitable successor,—one that was known to, and esteemed by many of them, and who had proved his desire for the work by giving up a position which, in worldly point of view was much more advantageous.—Mr Robberds concluded his valuable discourse by soliciting from the three Unitarian congregations of Manchester and Salford who unite in this benevolent work, the aid of their kindness, sympathy and prayers on behalf of Mr Buckland.

Mr Buckland then proceeded to address the congregation and after detailing the circumstances under which he had been led to receive and accept the invitation of the committee, spoke most forcibly and affectingly on his views of the duties and spirit of the mission. He had considered carefully whether the work was in a moral sense worth undertaking; was it needed? was it of importance? would it bring blessings on the poor? His knowledge of the locality in which the missionary would have to act, of the manufacturing districts, and of what had been effected by Mr Ashworth in London and in the United States, convinced him of the great need and importance of the mission. He had then to consider whether he was competent to the work. He knew that the duties were many and arduous, and that they required a man who would bring a devoted and self-sacrificing spirit. He did not feel himself possessed of a vast extent of knowledge; but he knew he had a desire to benefit the poor and the ignorant, and believed he felt somewhat of the spirit of love which was the essential requisite of usefulness; having therefore been thought worthy of an invitation by his friends, he did not think himself at liberty to allow his deficiencies to keep him out of the work.

Of the nature of the work he wished to form in his mind a comprehensive conception. It was a mission to do good to the poor to the greatest possible extent. He did not consider himself restricted to any one mode of operation, but sent forth to cultivate the soil by every available means, under the aid and blessing (for which he prayed) of the great Lord of the harvest. He should employ himself in visiting day by day the houses of the poor, in order to rouse the mind, to give lessons of prudence, economy and forethought; to cheer the desolate to retrieve the erring; enlighten the ignorant, guide the young, solace the aged. He regarded himself as pledged to every means of improving humanity. He was the agent of civilization. His was a mission for man as such, and for Christianity as the light of the world. He would labor to render the poor man's cottage comfortable, bright and happy; to promote the domestic virtues; to foster the gentler affections. What is home without them? Where there is nothing but boisterous passions, and foul habits, happiness, morality cannot be. On the rising generation especially he should look with a friendly eye. The prospects of the mission were assuming a brighter hue. A large and commodious school room had been erected by the liberality of Mr B. Heywood. The scholars were increasing. The teachers were active and zealous. He would do his best to aid the one and improve the other. It was not as a sectarian that he went forth, but as a minister of Christ. Sent to proselyte not to a sect but to the church universal, to visit the abodes of sin, to communicate the light of life, and to go to the poor man's dwelling in the spirit of him, who though rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich. He would be to the poor a daily monitor and constant guide endeavoring to imitate that Savior who gave his blessings alike to the thankful and the thankless. Would that he might be worthy of so high and sacred an office. How much would it add to his happiness could he save but one soul from death.

He felt the advantage he enjoyed for this work in his own religious opinions as a Unitarian Christian His was a positive and catholic faith. Nothing would he have to teach as religious to which any Christian would hesitate to give his assent. In the one God and one mediator, the necessity of a living faith, a regenerated heart; in trust on Christ crucified and Christ, the wisdom of God and the power of God; in these, the essential parts of his religious convictions, were found opinions common to the whole church of Christ and powerful unto the salvation of the soul.

To aid him in the work he earnestly sought the co-operation, the sympathy and the constant prayers of individuals in their closets, of families around the family altar, and of the assembled churches It was not a disqualification that he was the father of a family, and he rejoiced his children would be brought up to see him engaged in this holy employment, and when he should have ended his work and his dust be consigned to earth, he had pleasure in the thought that his children in going to his grave to weep, would be able to say that their father was *a minister of the poor.*

MIRIAM.

We regard this dramatic Poem, with feelings of peculiar delight. It is full of lofty sentiments, beautiful images, inspiriting and melting scenes, presented in words that burn with the pure and living fire of a heaven enkindled mind—and that mind too of native growth—about to be a light and ornament to literature and to our own city. It is not our purpose presently to enter upon a review or analysis of this *sketch*—as the author modestly terms her work—for we would not deal so unjustly with the Poem or with our own regard of it, as to attempt, what we have neither time nor space to do with care and thoroughness.

We earnestly hope that the author has more nectar of the same flavor and brand laid away to mellow—but we are sure that her vintage needs not so long a time to ripen.

MORAL RESURRECTION.

A Sermon preached at the ordination of the Rev. Oliver C. Everett, as Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Northfield, Wednesday, March 8, 1837. By John Pierpont, Minister of Hollis Street Church, Boston. With the Charge, by Mr Stearns of Northampton. And the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Mr Hall of Dorchester.

A beautifully printed pamphlet bearing the above title page gave promise of containing interesting and substantial matter for reading and thought, and will be its own best passport to the attention of others as it was to our own. We intended to make an extract from the Sermon for this paper but the state of our columns forbids.

THE YOUNG MISSIONARY.

The above is the title of a very neat little book written by the author of the '*Happy family*,' 'The *Shepherd-boy and the giant*,' the Editor of the 'Annals of Education' &c.

It was prepared for and published by the Mass. Sab. School Society.

It is a delightful book for the Sunday School—decidedly one of the best that we have ever seen.

It is ingeniously designed and conducted and written in an easy and familiar style. There is nothing of a Sectarian character in the Book.

The Religious Magazine for May is just published, containing,—Mobs and Intolerance,—The Scenery of Sin and Satan,—Causes and Cure of Infidelity—An over-true Tale—Marks of Religious Declension—Advantages of Early Religious Impressions—Search the Scriptures—The Fireside—Literary Notices—Music—

The Sermon on our first page will doubtless be recognized by some of the readers of the Register as from the pen of an old correspondent of this paper. It should perhaps have been numbered as a continuation of a series of sermons—No. XVII.

To Correspondents.—We are again compelled to defer several valuable communications.

For the Register and Observer.

ORDINATION AT PLYMOUTH.

On Wednesday the 26th ult. the Rev. William P. Huntington was ordained as an Evangelist. The services were as follows: Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr Kendall of Medfield; Sermon, by Rev. Mr Hosmer of Buffalo, N. Y.; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Dr Kendall; charge, by Rev. Mr Barrett of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr Moore of Duxbury; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr Sweet of Kingston.

The ordination took place in Dr Kendall's church. The exercises were appropriate and impressive. Mr Hosmer's sermon, though prepared at a short notice, was excellent in itself, and entirely suited to the occasion.

The next day Mr Huntington, with the fervent good wishes of many warm hearts, set off for the far West. He goes as the Missionary of Unitarian Christians belonging to Plymouth, Duxbury, and Kingston. In each of these towns is an efficient Association, auxiliary to the American Unitarian Association. But our generous brethren, not content with contributing freely to the Parent Society, determined, a few months ago, to do more; and accordingly raised $400 for the purpose of establishing a Mission of their own in Illinois, whither many of their neighbors and friends had gone, and were desirous of enjoying, in their new places of residence, the liberal institutions of religion they had been accustomed to in New England. It was truly delightful to witness the earnest spirit of benevolence with which this good work had been undertaken and prosecuted. Such enterprises befit the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. God reward them for this noble charity, by fulfilling their best wishes as to the success of their missionary in the wild field into which they have sent him to labor for Christ and humanity.

OBITUARY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MARY A. BURNHAM.

Died in Ipswich, on Tuesday last, Miss Mary A. Burnham, in the 23d year of her age.

In recording this instance of mortality, it is but justice, to the cause of liberal Christianity, to say that our friend died a consistent, liberal, Christian. She had made no public profession of religion, this she regretted—still she possessed religion, and it was here, she found comfort and consolation. It was here, she found strength to sustain her, during her long confinement, and amidst pains the most excruciating. Upon her approaching dissolution, she could converse with perfect composure, giving directions for her burial, and exhorting her friends, to live godly, righteous, and holy lives.

Though called in the morn of life, to exchange the gay and fashionable circle for the sick chamber, the blushing hues of health, for the palid hues of death, she did not complain. She felt 'Earth had no sorrows Heaven could not heal,' she knew in whom she had trusted, and this knowledge created in her a hope, which was like an anchor to her soul, both sure and steadfast, reaching within the veil.

INTELLIGENCE.

Nantucket Silks.—We yesterday had the pleasure of seeing a splendid lot of silk goods consisting of vestings, aprons, handkerchiefs, scarfs &c, which were manufactured at Nantucket. The fabric and finish of these are superior to any thing heretofore produced in this country, so far as our observation extends; and indeed there were some pieces of pantaloon stuffs, and heavy bandannas that can hardly be surpassed abroad. Were these put with any foreign make, few would be willing to risk their reputation as judges, by endeavoring to separate the two parcels. The Factory from which this was turned out, we understand is in a flourishing condition, and will furnish some goods for our markets the present season.—*Providence Journal.*

Valuable but neglected Invention.—It is remarkable that an invention far more valuable to all who travel upon the seas, lakes, and rivers of this great commercial country, and more important, on the score of humanity, than any other devised by human ingenuity, should remain in comparative oblivion and neglect. We allude to that beautiful preparation of *pulverized cork*, for seamen's and passengers' mattresses and beds. Will it be believed that a mattress made of this material, weighing only twenty-five pounds, cannot be sunk by the weight of seven men? and that one or two persons might float on it in the midst of the ocean, with as great security from drowning as if he were on board a ship? Yet such is the fact, as demonstrated by experiment. The beds, cushions, &c. made of this preparation of cork are more elastic, soft, and comfortable than those of the best hair, and have the superior advantage of never becoming matted. Every ship and steamboat should immediately substitute them for all others, and every passenger going to sea should purchase one. If they had been on board the unfortunate Bristol and Mexico, every soul might have been saved in a few minutes.—*New Era.*

Temperance in Steam-boats.—We were recently informed by a highly respectable gentleman, that he was the principal owner of three steamboats running between, Louisville, St. Louis, Galena, &c., all of which were conducted on the total abstinence principle—no bar being kept on board of either boat—and none of the persons employed in running the boats, being allowed to use any intoxicating liquors. This same gentleman says he is now engaged in the construction of a steamboat, which for splendor and elegance of style shall scarcely be surpassed on the Western waters. He is determined to have a strictly Temperance boat, which shall not suffer in any respect in comparison with any other boat on the Western waters. We hope the time is not far distant when every boat which floats on the proud waters of America, shall fearlessly hoist the flag of Total Abstinence.—*Natchez Cold Water Man.*

Coal.—The Miners Journal says 'The shipping business is going on with spirit and energy. The different rail-roads being now in order, and the canal without obstructions, the business will progress vigorously.'—*Phil. U S. Gaz.*

The mayor of New York has deprived Mr Nash, one of the city marshals, of his warrant, for having in the month of January last, whilst at Savannah, pointed out Mr John Hopper, of this city, who was then also at Savannah, as an abolitionist; in consequence of which Mr Hopper had a very narrow escape of suffering violence from a mob.

Mr Howard of the Exchange hotel New York, has reduced his prices from two dollars to one dollar and a half per day for board and lodgings.

The news from New Orleans is distressing. The Bee, of the 18th, says that the gross amount of failures is reckoned at 97 millions. This was up to the 4th inst. It is now considerably over 100 millions. In the end the deficit will be over 50 millions, even if the property in existence be sold at the most favorable rates.

The Land Pirate.—William Platt, the magistrate, who was recently tried in N. Jersey for robbing wrecked vessels at Barnegat, has been sentenced by Judge Baldwin to nine months imprisonment at hard labor, and to pay $750 fine and costs. The Justice escapes lightly, but it is stated that the sentence was thus lenient ont of respect to the recommendation of the Grand and Petit Jurors—and the fact that the offences which originated these prosecutions, had been entirely suppressed.

The proprietors of Charles River bridge have voted to discontinue the bridge as a public high-way, and to keep the draw raised for the passage of vessels.

Late from England. By the arrival of the Hibernia, at New-York, London papers of April 1st have been received. We copy the following condensed account of the news from the Transcript.

The commercial intelligence is cheering. The arrangement between the Bank of England and the houses in the American trade, has been completed, and the credit opened by the Bank of England to the United States Bank, will not require any present or immediate export of specie from this side.

None of the packets which left New York on the first of March had arrived in England, nor in any way had they received later news from us than they possessed when our previous advices to the 24th came away.

The morning Chronicle has a very strong, and apparently semi-official article, advocating the repeal of the duty on Cotton.

The Hibernia does not bring any considerable amount of returned bills.

Of political news there is not much of interest. Parliament having adjourned for the Easter holidays, nothing important was doing in public affairs.

The opponents of church rates are not content, it seems, with petitioning against them; they now refuse to pay them, in many places, and the church wardens are forced to distrain and sell, whereat a loud cry of oppression is raised.

In France the Ministry seems in a state of change. The King persists in the *Fetes* at Versailles, but had so far conceded to the popular feeling, as to cause it to be notified that the expense thereof would be defrayed from his private revenue.

The Marquis of Bath died on the 27th, in his 73d year; and the bishop of Norwich was not expected to live more than a few hours on the 31st.

King Louis Philippe has another grandson, in the person of Philippe Ferdinand Eugene Leopold George, son of the King and Queen of Belgium, who was born on the 24th of March.

Russia.—It appears from official returns published in a Russian Ministerial journal, that the European population of the Russian Empire amounts to 45,550,000.

Influenza, curious fact discovered.—A vast number of experiments and observations made on that curious instrument the *Atmospherical Electrometer*, Dr Forster has found that during the prevalence of influenza and other violent epidemics, the electricity of the air is transmitted to the earth, in a very unusual manner; instead of a regular and uniform transmission, such as usually happens in wholesome weather, the fluid during epidemics descends along the electrometer at intervals; or by fits, as it were, leaving long intermissions; as if there were some unusual disturbance of this fluid in the air. By suspending small bells to the two ends of a divided conductor, and hanging an insulated clapper between them, the mode of electrical transmissions may be easily ascertained. This method was first adopted by M. de Luc, of Windsor in 1809; and its results verified by Mr Forster, in 1810, during that remarkable epidemic, which in the autumn of that year, at length attacked vegetable life, as well as animal, and destroyed all the Oriental planes (*Platanus orientalis*) in nearly every county of England. During the cholera in 1832 the same phenomenon of irregular fits of electricity was observed: and it seems to be a fact which if followed up by future observations, may lead to curious results. It proves (what has long been suspected,) the close connection between electricity and the vital powers of the animal body, and is analogous to similar phenomena of daily occurrence: such as the headaches and disorders of stomach felt before thunderstorms, &c. &c. The most curious part of the history of epidemics relates to the *predisposition* to receive the infection. During the present Influenza, while the majority of persons, in some large towns in Europe, have been attacked with it, those few who have escaped have enjoyed better health than usual. This curious confirmation of the proverb that 'what is one man's meat is another man's poison,' is wholly unaccountable, on any hitherto known hypothesis: and its precise cause remains a desideratum in physic. The controversy recently carried on between Dr Forster and M. Arago respecting cometary influence, has led to one useful result, namely, the enterprise of a number of new experiments likely to lead to useful knowledge. *From a Correspondent of the True Sun.*

Catarrhal Influenza or La Gripe.—The following brief chronological account of this disease, making such ravages in Europe, may be interesting; as it is probable it will soon reach us.

Before the fourteenth century we have no account of Catarrh, as an epidemic.

Fourteenth Century—It appeared in Italy in 1323-27-58-87—old men victims.

Fifteenth Century—In France, 1403-10-11-27-81—in Italy, 1428. That of 1411 imputed to divine punishment for an obscene song in vogue. When the person was attacked they said 'He must have sung the song.'

Sixteenth Century—In Italy, France and Spain, in 1505-10. It was fatal to Anne, wife of Philip I. and Pope Gregory XIII. Passed over Europe in 1537-59-74-80. In Italy it was fatal from the use of the lancet. In Rome 9000 died; Madrid was depopulated; at Barcelona, 20,000 were attacked. In 1590-91, visited France, Germany and Italy. From August 1590 to August 1591, 60,000 perished.

Seventeenth Century—In 1658, in London—old men died; 1683, Venice; 1669-75-76 Germany and France and England—Sydenham has described it. Also appeared in 1679-91-95, in the last killed many infants at Rome.

Eighteenth Century—In 1709, Switzerland, France, Italy—In 1720 the whole of Europe—commenced in January with a great thaw, in Switzerland mild. In 8 days 908 died of it in London. In 1782 again. In 1735 progressed gradually south over Europe; reached New England from Madrid and Naples; from New England spread south to Barbadoes and Jamaica, to Peru and Mexico, with the same symptoms—it had begun in mild weather following cold. Dogs and horses were subject to it. In 1737 in England, described by Huxham; in 1742 Germany, Holland, England, France and Italy, when 2000 died in Rome, owing again to bleeding. In 1748 again in Europe; in one week 1000 died in London, and many horses had it violently, then called La Grippe in France; appeared also in 1743-58-61. In last year it began in February; 100 died a day at Breslaw, and in October it came to America. In 1775 in all Europe; called Influenza, meaning the influence of the elements. In 1780 France and England. In France, called also Follette, Coquette, Grenade, &c. In 1782 Russia Sweden and Germany had it. On the evening of January 27th that year the thermometer suddenly rose from 33 below zero to 5 above it, and the same day 4000 persons were attacked. The Germans have called it Blitzhatarr (Catarrhal Lightning) indicative of its rapid attacks—appeared among shipping after a storm—went over Europe. In 1799 Russia.

Nineteenth Century—In 1800 south of France; in 1802 in France and Italy; 1813, France, 1817 England; 1833, Great Britain.

There is every reason to believe it will go the rounds in Europe, passing south as usually simultaneously into Italy and Spain, and in the fall coming over to America to pursue the same course here. Its cause is ascertained to be a severe cold winter followed by moisture. It commences in November, December, and January. If occasionally in summer it is announced by unusual cold and moisture preceding.—Every pre-disposition in the United States at this moment seems to exist for its reception. Therefore in time look to caution in dress and exposure, and when it comes mild treatment as in common colds, and avoid bleeding especially in old persons and the suffering poor.—*N. Y. Star.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Blagden, Mr George Whitton, to Ann, daughter of Mr Thomas Barry.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Ripley, Mr John Gair to Mrs Elizabeth Brewer.

By Rev. Mr Young, Mr Timothy Jackson, of Newton, to Mrs Hannah M. Waldron, daughter of Mr Josiah Stedman, of this city.

By the Rev. Mr Motte, Edward K. Rogers, of Chicago, Ill., to Miss Mary B. Curtis, of this city.

In Roxbury, by the Rev. Mr Putnam, Mr Jonathan Buffenton, to Miss Mary Ann Churchill—both of Roxbury.

In Newport, on Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr West, Mr Oliver H. Perry, of the U. S. Navy, to Miss Elizabeth A. Randolph, daughter of Richard K. Randolph, Esq. of Newport.

In Alton, Ill., on the 12th ult., Mark Pierson, Esq., to Miss Rebecca Stetson, daughter of William Barry, Esq., of this city.

DEATHS.

In this city on Sunday evening, suddenly, Mr William H. Appleton, of the firm of Wetherell, Fowle & Co., and only son of Mr John Appleton, aged 24.

On Saturday evening, April 29th, Madam Dorothy Dix, in the 91st year of her age.

On Sunday, Mrs Rebecca, relict of the late Mr Parker Emerson, 94; 29th, Mrs Susan Germain, 45.

In Roxbury, widow Hannah Howe, 76.

In Brookline, Nathaniel Murdock, 69.

In Dedham, Mary D. youngest daughter of Rev. Alvan Lamson, aged 4.

WORCESTER'S COMPREHENSIVE DICTIONARY. Revised and enlarged edition. This dictionary contains, besides a very full vocabulary of common English words, many *technical terms*, and a copious list of such *words and phrases from foreign languages* as are often found in English books, very full vocabularies of *Classical and Scripture Proper Names*, and a *vocabulary of words of doubtful or various orthography*. which, together with the rules and remarks accompanying them, embraces nearly all the difficult and doubtful cases that often occur in English orthography. This edition is also furnished with an *Appendix*, containing additional words, and a Pronouncing Vocabulary, comprising about 3000 *Modern Geographical Names*. The volume comprises about 66,000 words, to all of which the pronunciation is given; being more than twice as many as are found in the school editions of Walker's Dictionary, together with their vocabularies.

This Dictionary is used in the Boston Schools, and in numerous other schools, academies and seminaries in various parts of the country; and it has been highly recommended by various literary journals, and by many gentlemen whose opinion is eminently entitled to respect.

Recommendation.

This Dictionary exhibits, in its different parts, ample evidence of inquiry, careful comparison, and sound judgment. It combines, in a very condensed and yet intelligible form, a greater quantity of valuable matter than any other similar work; and as a Pronouncing Dictionary, it possesses decided advantages over all others, by its superior system of notation, and by its exibition of all the principal authorities respecting words of doubtful and various pronunciation. We do not hesitate to pronounce it, in our judgment, *the most comprehensive, accurate and useful compendium within our knowledge.*

Joseph Story, LL. D., Prof. Law, Cambridge Mass.
Sidney Willard, A. M., Prof. Heb. Latin, &c. do.
Ed. T. Channing, A. M., Prof. Rhet. and Oratory do.
John Pickering, LL. D., Boston.
S. P. Newman, A. M, Prof. Rhet. Bowdoin Col. Me.
J. L. Kingsley, LL. D., Prof. Latin, Yale Col. Con.
Alonzo Potter, D. D., Prof. Rhet. Union Col. N. Y.
C. Anthon, LL. D., Prof. Gr & Lat. Colu. Col. N.Y.
Peter S. Duponceau, LL. D., Philadelphia.
Robley Dunglison, M. D., Prof. University of Md.
J. P. Cushing, A M., Pres. Hampden Sidney Col. Va.
Jasper Adams, D. D., Pres. Charleston College S. C
Alonzo Church, D. D. Pres. University of Georgia.
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1. Dictionary Proper Words,		32,240
2. Words from Foreign Languages,	do.	402
3. List of Americanisms,	do.	83
4. List of Words of Various Orthography,		1,085
5. Greek and Latin Proper Names,	do.	4,820
6. Scripture Proper Names,	do.	2,440
2. Modern Geographical Names.	do.	2,980
Total number of words,		43,850.

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RICHARD FUSTIAN AND WIDOW BENTLEY.—On Monday, will be published at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street, 'Stories for Large and Small Children, No. 1, Richard Fustian and the Widow Bentley.'

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In behalf of this book I have but one plea to make,—this, namely,—Let it be read.—*Boston Courier.*

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PAINTINGS AND ENGRAVINGS.—The subscribers have connected with their Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street, A Gallery for the exhibition and sale of PAINTINGS and Colored and Plain English and French ENGRAVINGS, which is open to the public at all times.

They have now on hand and are constantly receiving a large number of choice engravings; also two splendid Paintings by Salmon, at 500 and 250, and several smaller pieces, by different artists.

ARTISTS, and others, having Paintings or Engravings for sale or exhibition can place them in this Gallery, and only a small commission will be charged on the sale. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. m 6

FANCY ARTICLES, STATIONARY, &C.

WM. D. TICKNOR, corner of Washington and School Streets, has this day received a supply of the following articles:—Ink Stands, large, ebony, for offices, &c. a splendid article; do. do. patent Screw top, for travellers; Pocket do. a very neat article; with a variety of common Backgammon Boards, English, very fine; Wallets, Card Cases, a good assor ment, different sizes and patterns; Perfumed Sealing Wax, very nice; English do. assorted colors; Port Folios, with and without Locks; Paint Boxes, fancy, a very neat article; Perforated Cards, a good assortment; Puzzles, Dissected Pictures, &c. Porcelain Slates, with covers;—with a general assortment of Letter and Billet Paper, Wafers, &c.

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POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

FRAGMENT OF MELANCHOLY THOUGHT.

O Father—thou, alone canst penetrate
The spirit of thy children.
Thou, alone, canst mark the inward struggle,
And the deep agony, so often hid
Beneath a cheerful bearing.

There is an *inward self*, which will not blend
With the career of outward action,
It is a mystery which still remains
Unpenetrated, and unguessed by those
Who are bound to us by the nearest ties,
And who seem almost parcel of ourselves.
Words cannot bind its mystic images
Nor give a clue to its dark labyrinths.
This essence of ourselves, this hidden life,
No eye, save one, can scan.
Its deep and restless workings, alter not
The outward seeming.

Like the dark waters of some troubled stream,
Whose bed is hid within the caverned earth,
No eye can trace its deep meanderings,
No ear can hear the murmur of its waves,
And the fair surface of the ground above
May be enriched by many a smiling flower,
Showing no trace of the sad stream beneath.

ELOISE.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

JESUS.

Jesus, there is no dearer name than thine,
Which Time has blazoned on his ample scroll:
No wreaths, nor garlands ever did entwine
So fair a Temple or so vast a Soul.
Ay, every Angel set his comely seal
Upon thy brow, and gave each human grace,
In a sweet copy Heaven to reveal,
And stamp Perfection on a mortal face:
Once on the earth, before dull mortal eyes,
—Which could not half thy sacred radiance see,
(E'en as the emmet cannot read the skies,)
For our weak orbs reach not immensity—
Once on the Earth wast Thou a living shrine
Where shone the GOOD, the LOVELY, the DIVINE.

T. P.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'MAN GIVETH UP THE GHOST, AND WHERE IS HE.'

The silent tomb, the peaceful shade
Of willows, bending o'er us,
The lowly bed, and weeping friends
Are in the path before us.

That narrow spot beneath the sod,—
Six feet of earth—how small!
And yet that little grassy mound
Will amply hold us all!

Life's drama done—the weary eye
Another stage will see,
The world rolls back—the drapery falls—
Death comes—and where are we!

J. T. F.

PAST—PRESENT—FUTURE.

The time when I play'd with the king-cup flowers,
Those golden gifts of summer hours;
The time when I danced o'er the purple heath,
And scarcely felt the earth beneath;
And smilingly look'd to the sky above,
That spread o'er me in cloudless love;
When my step was as light as the roving wind,
That kiss'd the flowers in my tresses twined;
When my eyes, undimm'd by a dark tear, shone;
That blessed time is gone—is gone.

The time when I loved to sit at noon,
And hearken to the wood bird's tune;
When the flowers and leaves upon each tree
Were more than flowers and leaves to me,
When my spirit in fancy floated along,
And around my heart was a dream of song;
The time when I lay by the river's side,
That had words for me in its murmuring tide;
When my life, like the waves of that stream went on,
Bright, pure, and sparkling, is gone—is gone.

And the hours of darkness and days of gloom,
That shadow and shut out joy, are come.
And there's a mist on the laughing sea;
And the flowers and leaves are nought to me;
And on my brow are furrows left;
And my lip, of rose and smile is reft:
And the time of grey hairs and trembling limbs,
And the time when sorrow the bright eye dims:
And the time when death seems nought to fear,
So sad is life, is here—is here.

But the time when the quiet grave shall be
A haven, a resting-place for me:
When the strong ties of earth are wrench'd,
And the burning fever of life is quench'd,
When the spirit shall leave its mortal mould,
And face to face its God behold:
When around it joy and gladness shall flow
Purer than ever it felt below:
When heaven shall be forever its home,
Oh, this holiest time is still to come!

AN ENIGMA.

Translated for the Portsmouth Journal, from the German of Schiller.

There stands a structure of the days of old,—
It is no house or fane where gods abide:
On fleetest steed no knight, however bold,
In hundred days might round this structure ride.

Age after age rolls ceaselessly away,
Yet, all unscath'd it views them hurry by:
It heeds nor time nor tempest's ruthless sway,
Its base in ocean's waves, its summit in the sky.

Not to vain pomp it owes its ponderous birth:
A shield and safeguard of its native land.
Its like may not be found upon the earth,
Albeit it is the work of mortal hand.

W*****.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Episcopal Register.]

THE STORM.

It was a balmy evening in June, when an anxious and devoted wife sat before an open window, which overlooked part of a beautiful bay that formed the harbor of the seaport in which she resided. Her eye had never rested on a scene more lovely. The pure blue sky without a cloud, and the calm clear water sleeping beneath it in its loveliness like the baby-boy that was pillowed on her own fair breast.

But it was not the beauty of the scene that made it so attractive to her. Hers was not the delighted gaze of one whose feelings are all absorbed in the loveliness of nature. On the contrary, her anxious, eager eye told that she was not satisfied with the scene before her, though so fair: but she was looking for an object of greater interest than any that appeared. But not a speck was to be seen on the silvery expanse before her, and she turned away with a disappointed and heart sickened feeling.

Emma had looked forth many times in the day for several weeks on the same scene, sometimes fair as now, and sometimes deformed by storms, for the ship which contained her dearest treasure. Still the husband and the father came not, and her thoughts grew troubled and her heart sad, and now the tears fell fast on the dear face of her sleeping infant. But Emma was a Christian, and the sweet promise, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee,' came over her spirit so soothingly, and with a power so divine, that her heart at once rested on the promise of her Almighty Father, and her perturbed and anxious feelings were hushed to repose.

While she still sat at the window, her little boy, of about ten years, ran into the room exclaiming, 'O mother! dear mother! father is coming!' 'What do you mean, my child?' said Emma, turning very pale. 'Why look, mother! don't you see that pilot boat? Well the men on board of her say that the ship Anne is in the offing, and will be in the harbor before morning.' 'O my dear boy,' said Emma, tears of joy now filling her eyes, 'what gratitude do we owe to our heavenly Parent! But are you sure, are you quite sure it was the vessel that contains your father?' 'O yes, mother, the men said they could not be mistaken, and see, one of them is coming this way now, I do believe, to tell you about it himself.' It was as William had conjectured; the man soon arrived with the blessed intelligence that the vessel would undoubtedly be in the harbor before next morning.

'What do you think father will say to you, little Charley,' said William to his lovely little brother, as he opened his soft blue eyes and smiled upon him; 'I am sure he will give you so many kisses as to make you cry, for I don't think you like to be kissed much.' 'Don't you believe,' said he, turning to his mother, 'that father will think him the finest little fellow he ever saw? I expect he will love him even better than I do,' added he, pressing his lips tenderly to his soft, fair cheek.

The grateful mother smiled upon her precious boys, while her heart was lifted in adoring thankfulness to Him who had bestowed these gifts, and was about restoring to them and to her the life of all their earthly joys.

William's exuberance of joy continued to overflow at his lips, while the mother's, chastened, but far more deep, kept her silent and thoughtful, though she listened with complacency, and would now and then reply to the playful remarks of her child. They were sitting in this way, when a peal of thunder, loud and long rolled over their heads, and in a moment Emma and her boy were at the window. Their eyes having been directed only towards the water, they had not observed the cloud which had arisen in the east, and which they now perceived had nearly covered the heavens. 'God in mercy preserve the father!' exclaimed Emma, 'for I fear a storm is close at hand.' O! if,' she checked herself and only added, 'He who has hitherto preserved him can still keep him in perfect safety,' and 'thou in perfect peace if the mind is stayed on me,' was whispered by the blessed spirit. 'Compassionate father,' she responded inwardly, 'I will lean upon thee, I will trust thee, I will repose on thy faithfulness.' Again was her spirit calmed, and the painful throbbings of her anxious heart quieted, although the storm was evidently fearfully increasing. In one short hour how had the scene before her changed. Dark and heavy clouds were driven with frightful rapidity across the heavens, and the water was lashed to foaming fury by the violence of the wind. It seemed indeed impossible that a vessel could live for a moment on the heaving billows of that stormy sea.

What a change too in the joyous feelings of William's little affectionate heart. The big tears chased each other down his sweet, pale cheeks, and all his childish prattle was forgotten. 'Kneel with me, my dear boy,' said his mother taking his hand, 'and let us pray for our dear father's safety in this dreadful hour.' The mother and child sank on their knees together, and with the eloquence of a woman, whose tears for the beloved of her heart were all awake, and with the devotion of a Christian whose trust was in the living God, she poured out her soul before Him. Such a sweet and holy calm was diffused over her spirit, and so absorbed were all her feelings in this divine exercise, that the continued ravings of the relentless storm were scarcely heard, and when she arose from her knees and looked abroad, she almost expected to see the sky and the water as serene as her trusting heart. But its fury abated not, and so weak and faithless is the human heart even when it leans the most confidingly on God, that her agitating forebodings in a great measure returned.

It was now nearly bed time, but poor Emma thought not of retiring. Her unconscious baby laid to rest in its little cradle, was softly breathing and sweetly sleeping, and William wearied with watching and weeping, sank beside him on the floor, and for a while forgot his sorrows in the profound slumbers of childhood. But not to the wife and mother came this soothing balm. Her aching head pressed not that night the pillow of repose. How could she bear to recline on the bed where she had so often rested on the dear bosom of him who was now perhaps stretched on the rocky bed of the ocean, with the cold and stormy waves for his covering.

The long, long hours of that dreadful night were passed in walking the room or kneeling in prayer. 'O my Savior!' would she cry, 'thou hast the same almighty power, and the same compassionate heart that thou hadst while on earth, and by thy sovereign word thou didst then still the raging tempest. O listen! to the importunate cry of an agonized wife, and save, in mercy save the beloved of her soul! Or else say 'peace be still,' to the tempest within my bosom, and let me rest with all confidence of a redeemed child on thy faithfulness and love! Sweetly soothing to her heart were some of these moments of prayer; calmly and quietly could she stay herself on God, and praise him even with tears of gratitude that her precious husband was a Christian, and that the sea as well as the earth would yield its dead, and she again behold him clad in the vestments of immortality, and adorned with the Savior's likeness. But O! there were moments when even prayer afforded little relief, and she in the anguish of her spirit refused to be comforted.

The sun which has so long gazed on the fairest scenes of earth, never looked forth on a lovelier morning than that which succeeded this night of storm and tempest. The balminess of the soft air, the serenity of the blue sky, and the beauty of the bright water, were never exceeded. But when the glad rays of that glorious morning penetrated the sad chamber of Emma, she covered her face and groaned in the bitterness of her heart; for where was he in whose arms at this very hour she hoped to have been enfolded? The mother's deep agonizing groan broke the slumbers of her boy, who starting on his feet exclaimed, 'has father come?' 'Oh! no! my child,' answered Emma, bursting for the first time into a passionate fit of weeping, 'nor will he, I fear, ever come again!'

Several weeks passed, and as nothing was heard of the ship which contained the husband of Emma, and as more than one vessel was known to have perished during the storm, the faint hopes that were entertained of her safety entirely vanished, and Emma felt that she was indeed a widow.

On much such an evening as that which closed with the fatal storm, she was sitting at the window which overlooked the water, and, very sad, but quiet and resigned, stricken to the dust as to her earthly hopes, but sweetly resting on Him who is the widow's God and Judge. Her eldest boy was pensively leaning his head on his mother's arm while his baby brother was using it for a plaything, and twining his tiny fingers in the silken curls which adorned it, the only joyous one of the group, for William was still sorrowful when his thoughts turned as now to his lost father.

The mother's eye, as it was sadly bent on the water, rested on the group of men who are standing on its very edge, and at this moment one of them raised a spyglass to his face. Emma, shuddering, turned hastily away, and a sick faint feeling came over her, but she almost immediately compelled herself to look again, ashamed of the selfishness which would not permit her to rejoice in the safety and happiness of others, while herself was bereaved and desolate. Some beating hearts, thought she, are waiting with tremulous joy the approach of the dear objects of their love. Shall I not rejoice with them? 'Run, William, and see what vessel has arrived, for those men are watching, I am sure, the approach of one.' William obeyed, though reluctantly, for his little heart was grieved whenever his eyes rested on the water. His mother watched his tardy footsteps as he approached the group, who at this moment spying, one of them went forward to meet him.

Scarcely had they come near enough to speak, when, as though words of a magical influence had been pronounced, William who before scarcely moved, now tossed his arms high in the air, and turning his face towards his mother's dwelling, seemed borne along by the wings of the wind. The man as swiftly followed, and almost breathless they both entered at the same time the abode of Emma. 'O mother! mother!' exclaimed William; 'Stop, my boy,' said his companion, 'let me speak to your mother first,' and turning to Emma, he added, 'Be calm, madam, for we have glorious news, wonderful news for you—the ship Anne is close at hand!' Emma spoke not, but her heaving bosom, and wildly rolling eye frightened her boy, who running to her and throwing himself on her neck exclaimed, 'Why, I thought you would be so glad mother, that father after all is alive, and coming to us, but you don't look so at all, what is the matter, why do you look so strangely?' Emma buried her face in the bosom of her child and relieved her bursting heart by weeping aloud. Locked in each others arms they mingled their tears and their touching thanksgivings to God for his unspeakable mercy, while the man who stood by, though quite unused to melting mood, himself wept like an infant.

'But how is it?' exclaimed Emma, her recollections returning as her agitation partly subsided, 'has the ocean given up its dead?' 'No dead,' replied the man, 'they were driven out to sea, and have been detained at some port to repair damages.'

Soon to the waiting eager eyes of the wife and child appeared that stately ship, her white sails filled by a gentle breeze, and bearing her majestically along over the soft ripple of the sparkling waves. Soon was she safely moored in the quiet harbor, and a familiar, beloved form seen to step from her decks and approach the house. Soon were they folded to that heart which but an hour or two before they had thought no longer beat for them, and dear little Charley praised and an hundred times kissed by those lips they had deemed cold in death.

And oh! what sweet and blessed notes of thanksgiving and praise ascended that night from this abode of joy and love to that God who saveth all those who put their trust in him!

THE IMPROVIDENT TRAVELLER.—A certain traveller who had a distance to go, one part of his road leading through green fields, and the other through a tangled road of brambles and thorns, made great preparation for the first part of his journey.

He dressed himself in light and gay clothes and put a cake in his pocket; he stuck a nosegay in his bosom, and taking a light slender cane in his hand, nimbly proceeded on his way along the beaten path across the green meadows. The sun shone in the skies and on went the traveller comfortably, pleasantly, and delightfully.

After a while, the road became rugged, and, by the time night drew on, the traveller was in a pitiable plight. His provisions were exhausted; his clothes wet through, and partly torn from his back by the briers; his flowers were faded; and, weary as he was, his slender cane would not bear his weight; a stream of water was before him, and darkness around him.

Alas! said he, smiting his breast, 'I am hungry, and have no food; wet to the skin, and have no dry clothes; weary, and have no staff to rest on; I have a stream to cross, and here is no boat; I am bewildered, and have no guide; it is dark, and I have no lantern. Fool that I am! why did I not provide for the end of my journey as well as for the beginning?'

Reader; time is hastening away, thou art a traveller? Life is the beginning, death the end of thy journey. If thou hast made preparation for both, happy art thou; but if otherwise, thou resemblest the foolish traveller.

WORLD-RENOWNED.—A letter from David L. Child, now in France, published in the last Liberator, dated near Lille, states that taking up a little French provincial paper he found the information that the Legislature of New Hampshire at its last session rejected by a vote of 226 to 27 a resolution embodying the celebrated aphorism of Jefferson, that 'error of opinion may be tolerated so long as reason is left free to combat it.'—He adds that this was printed without comment, but in such types and connexion, as makes it more ridiculous than comment could do. We doubt whether the last democratic legislature of New Hampshire, worthy as it indubitably was of extended fame, was ever presumptuous enough to dream of obtaining so wide-spread an immortality, as to have its potent rebuke upon Jefferson, heralded forth to all Europe.—NAT. EAGLE.

SERPENT CHARMERS.

In Northern India the serpent charmers are a distinct caste of people, who reside in the upper provinces, and speak the Hindooee language. In parties of forty or fifty they itinerate through the whole of Hindostan and Bengal; and when they arrive in the vicinity of a populous district, they divide themselves into companies of six or eight, and, going from house to house, amuse the people by causing serpents of all sizes to wind round their bodies, &c. Their dress is a long robe of orange-colored cotton, reaching down to their feet, with a cumberbund, or girdle of the same color. Their faces are always painted with tumeric and mud, and their general appearance is calculated to alarm the fears of the lower orders of Hindoos, who believe them to possess supernatural powers. They carry with them baskets containing living serpents of all kinds, and in their hands they hold a small earthen pipe, perforated with holes in which they blow, and produce from it certain sounds, which, they say, are sure to draw every serpent from his hiding place. By what means it is accomplished I cannot say, but certainly their powers of fascination over the serpent tribes are most wonderful.

Several of those persons once entered into the compound of the house where I was residing, and requested permission to charm the snakes on the premises. Anxious to witness their skill, I felt inclined to allow them; but finding a great number of natives collected round the gate, fearful lest an impression might be produced on their minds, that I was encouraging those whom they believed to be in league with the powers of darkness, I dismissed them, and they went to the next house, where they were admitted, and from my window I witnessed all that took place. From a godown in this house several fowls had been taken away, and suspicion had fallen on one of the serpents. The sap-wallah, (serpent-man,) however, on viewing the place, declared the thief to be a serpent, and immediately commenced blowing on his pipe. In a few minutes a shriek from the female servants of the house announced the appearance of the head of a large serpent from a hole in the corner, when the man darted forward, and seizing the animal by the neck, drew forth and exhibited a serpent about six feet in length.

An individual residing a few miles from Calcutta, imagining that these feats were nothing more than sleight of hand, and that the sap-wallahs concealed in their flowing robes one or more of the serpents usually carried about with them in their baskets, which are deprived of their poisonous fangs, and slipping them down, instantly seize and exhibit them as newly-caught snakes, determined to put their skill to a proper test.—Attended by some friends, he went into a confined room, where he saw all the baskets containing the serpents tied down and carefully deposited, then causing the sap-wallah to undress, his clothes were locked up in the same room, and with nothing on him but a cloth round his loins, which was carefully examined, he was taken into the garden, the door of which was locked, to prevent the admission of an accomplice. Nothing daunted, the man began playing on his pipe, and proceeding from one part of the garden to another for some minutes, stopped at a part of the wall much injured by age, and intimated that a serpent was within. He then played quicker, and his notes were louder, when almost immediately a large *cobra di capella* put forth his hooded head, and the man fearlessly ran to the spot, seized it by the throat, and drew it forth. He then showed the poisonous fangs, and beat them out; afterwards it was taken to the room where his baskets were left, and deposited among the rest.

They exhibit these serpents for money, and taking out eight or ten of different kinds, they cast them on the ground. The animals immediately make off in different directions. The sap-wallah then applies the pipe to his mouth, and sends forth a few of his peculiar notes, and all the serpents stop as though enchanted; they then turn towards the musician, and approaching him within two feet, raise their heads from the ground, and bending backwards and forwards keep time with the tune. When he ceases playing, they drop their heads and remain quiet on the ground.

An inferior kind of serpent-charmers, are Bengalees, of the lowest caste. They do not use the pipe to which I have referred, but merely beat with their fingers a small drum, and pulling the tail of the serpents, continue to irritate them, until the animals become so infuriated that they dart forward and seize the naked arm of the sap-wallah, which he exposes for the purpose. I have seen these people allow their arms to be bitten in this manner until they have been covered with blood. They are generally great drunkards, and the money raised by these exhibitions is almost immediately spent in the purchase of arrack and other intoxicating liquors.

PERSIAN ANECDOTE.—A sage was asked, what was the most valuable piece of information that he had ever acquired? 'I learnt from a blind man,' he replied, 'not to lift a foot till I had previously, with my stick, ascertained the nature of the ground on which I was to put it down again.' What a lesson to logicians, and all engaged in philosophical enquiries!

From the Detroit Daily Advertiser.

THE BRIGHT HALF DOLLAR.

Mr. —— was what the world calls 'a most excellent man.' He not only lived in a very nice house very nicely furnished, wore unsullied broad cloth, and allowed his wife and daughters the most unexceptionable shawls and bonnets, but he attended church with a regularity which shamed some 'professors,' and besides, gave his name and money to several popular charities. He did not, to be sure, think it worth while to attend temperance addresses, because, as he said, 'he had heard so many, and they were all alike,' and he thought too that those people meddled with what did not concern them, when they attempted to interfere with the sale of other people's goods; and so he would not encourage them.

Mr —— was a merchant, and always kept a large and comprehensive stock on hand. Among the rest, were some articles which *were not set forth in his advertisements*, but well understood to furnish a large share of the profits which ever graced his balance sheet.

One Saturday evening, just as Mr —— was about to quit his store and retire to his comfortable dwelling, a man, or the remnant of one, stepped in, bearing in his hand a large jug. The clerk, without a word, took it, turned into a dark nook for a few minutes, and brought it again to the counter, much heavier than before. Mr —— laid his hand upon it as the stranger was about to grasp it. 'Mr Drew, you know we don't trust any more.' The man took from his pocket a new half dollar, which he threw upon the counter. 'There—what do you say to that?' Mr ——, with a softened air, took up the coin—examined it on both sides—rang it on the counter—it was beyond a doubt. 'Where did you get it?' said he. 'That's none of your business,' said the poor wretch, lifting his burden and walking off quickly—'I got it hard enough,' he muttered as he left the store.

Daniel Drew had that very afternoon sold his little daughter's woollen shawl, the gift of her Sabbath school teacher, to a near neighbor, who was a most excellent woman. He told her he was obliged to part with it to get bread for his family, and she took it at half-a-dollar, 'merely to oblige' him, though she could not help thinking what a cheap thing it would be for her little bound girl.

The next morning Mr —— went to church and heard a missionary sermon which awakened all his sympathies. So able were the miseries of the heathen depicted, that he felt anxious for the sermon to be ended that he might do his part of the duty enjoined, by giving of his substance to the cause. But, alas! when the time came, he had left his pocket-book at home—left it in his other coat, as many people do when they go to church. He felt much disappointed—when, lo! he discovered in his vest pocket, the half dollar he had received the preceding evening from Daniel Drew. He placed it solemnly on the plate, and then looked round to see whether any of his neighbors gave as much.

He was just leaving the church when he heard some one say, 'So, poor Drew has come to an end at last! He was found this morning about a mile down the road, with his head completely smashed, apparently by a wheel having passed over it.'

Mr —— thought of the bright half dollar he had put in the plate; but consoled himself under the uneasy sensations which that thought produced, by resolving to 'do something' for Daniel Drew's wife and children.

JUSTICE STORY.—The London Legal Examiner says—'Professor Story has long been known to the Jurists of every country in Europe, as one of the few great masters of the science of jurisprudence the world at present possesses, and one who has been mainly instrumental in pushing forward those legal reforms, which have of late years done honor to the United States.'

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'This work (Grecian History) is drawn up by one of the most able and sucessful writers of school books we have in this country; who, to a mind of enlightened and enlarged views, and to the stores accumulated by diligent and various reading, adds the faculty of happily communicating knowledge, and of accommodating her conceptions to the comprehension of immature intellects. If we were requested to point out the historical work in the English language best adapted for the instruction of the young we should fix upon this.'

This series of school books is sold by Mr Roe Lockwood, Bartlett & Raynor, Howe & Bates and other booksellers in New York; and by the principal booksellers in Albany, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and Hartford.

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Our present purpose is simply and heartily to recommend Professor Reed's edition of Wordsworth, as one which does justice to the poets, and is calculated to satisfy the not easily satisfied wishes of the many, who love and revere him. It is, what it professes to be, a complete edition of his poetical works, such as might be sought for in vain in his own country, and contains also his prefaces and essays, his beautiful description of the Lakes, and his Essay upon Epitaphs. The Editor has performed his part in a most judicious manner, and in the true spirit of one 'who claims to have brought to the task an affectionate solicitude for every verse in the volume. He has given us the pure text, and has interspersed, with the poet's own notes, a few, and but very few others, which consist 'almost entirely of illustrative passages from the writings of those with whom Mr Wordsworth would most willingly find his name associated.' The poems which were lately published under the title of 'Yarrow Revisited, and other poems,' are placed in their appropriate divisions, as the poets himself would have arranged them. The publishers may challenge for themselves a full portion of praise, for having sent forth a book which contest credit on the American press. Since we received it, we have read a considerable portion of its contents, and accustomed as we are to proofsheets, and familiar as we are with the author, we have not yet detected a typographical error. The page is clean and bright; and the type is as clear and large as eyes can wish. We have seldom seen a book which has given us so much pleasure. Christian Examiner, No. 79.

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